

The Sketch

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1875. — Vol. CXLV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1929.

ONE SHILLING.



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR JAMES: MISS ZITA JUNGMAN — AS ROMEO.

The engagement of Miss Zita Mary Jungman, elder daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness, and one of the prettiest and most popular members of the younger set, to Mr. Arthur Walter

James, son of the Hon. Robert and the late Lady Evelyn James, has been announced. Our camera portrait shows the bride-to-be in a fancy-dress costume, as Romeo.

Photographed by Olivia Wyndham.



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.. "



Motley Notes

GREAT TALK AND SMALL TALK.

ONE of the accusations generally levelled by the elderly against the younger generation, besides those of frivolity, superficiality, irreverence, mannerlessness, extravagance, depravity, impropriety of speech, grossness of behaviour, spinelessness, precocity in vice, moral laxity, cynicism, cocktail-drinking, saxophone playing, lip-sticks, legs, and general debauchery, is that they have lost the art of sustained conversation.

One of the accusations generally levelled by the young against the past generation, besides those of fugginess, stodginess, pomposity, hypocrisy, dullness, intolerance, parental despotism, ignorance of life, self-complacency, jingoism, smugness, love of moralising, sentimentality, mental sterility, parochialism of outlook, overeating, stays, bustles, mutton-chop whiskers, Mendelssohn, and general imbecility, is that they invented it. Each of these estimates is possibly a little exaggerated. A just estimate would probably lie somewhere between the two.

That sustained conversation was one of the favourite sports of the great Victorians cannot be denied. So much is evident in their memoirs, their biographies, and the personal recollections written of them by those of their listeners who survived. It was a period when the general conditions of civilised community life conduced to sustained conversation. Life was more leisurely, more spacious, more disciplined, more simple. Severe and rigorous upbringing hardened the sensibilities against rebuff; a lively interest in politics, both national and international, probably developed the voice. A childhood spent in the nursery under conditions of systematic repression avenged itself upon Society in later life by giving vent to the vocal expression it had been denied in youth. Also the sheer mechanics of contemporary civic life made things easier for the table-talker. There were no motor-cars, no telephones, no wireless. A listener to an eminent Victorian tracing the influence of the Huguenot influx of the seventeenth century on the agricultural implements of the Eastern counties could not bribe a servant to have him summoned by an urgent telephone call to the bedside of his dying aunt, nor to hail a taxi to take him to a convention of a foreign missionary society he had promised faithfully to attend, nor yet to 'phone to the B.B.C. to broadcast an S.O.S. asking him to go immediately to his place in the country, where his favourite shorthorn was lying dangerously ill.

Also, in a long and brilliant reign like that of Queen Victoria, there were naturally

more things to talk about. There were the Chartist Movement, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Afghan War, the annexation of the Punjab, the Oxford Movement, the Penny Post, the Pre-Raphaelites, the Origin of Species incorporating Darwin and Huxley, thence fossils, evolution, the doubtful authenticity of Adam and Eve, and natural selection, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Reform Bills, the Albert Memorial and Bulgarian atrocities, the Ballot and Judicature Acts, the granting of a popular constitution to Canada—in fact, the subjects for sustained conversation over the greater part of the nineteenth century were apparently endless. No wonder, with such material to work on, it was a period of great talkers.

concede. It aired and exercised the mind, it stimulated the sale of dictionaries, and it probably kept many Victorian husbands from worse.

But what a great talker is somewhat slow to concede is that small talk also has its place. A person who can talk omnisciently about the Aryan invasion of Europe, the fusion of races in Central America, the consequences of the death of Uriah upon the internal affairs of the Hittites, the respective importance of the Mishna and the Gemara in the Talmud, the Manichæan and Gnostic heresies, the constitution of the Eastern Empire under Constantine, the trend of folk-dancing under the Plantagenets, and the reaction upon the Reformation of the conjugal

tendencies of Henry the Eighth, is apt to despise a little mild chatter about the weather, the new flounced skirt, and the price of eggs as the expression of trivial minds. This is a short view. There are times when the tired brain that would probably snap if anyone were to talk to it intelligently about the Aryan invasion of Europe finds respite and nepenthe in the sound of a friendly voice talking about the price of eggs. Personally, when I am overdone with physical or intellectual effort, if someone were to start telling me about the fusion of races in Central America, I should probably scream. But if someone—some dear and vacuous companion—will only sit beside me at such times and say:

"Isn't it a nuisance? I always allow Jane her afternoon out on Wed-

nesdays, and this week she wants to go on Thursday to see her sister, whose little boy has just had a tooth out; and I'd arranged for the Bakers to come on Thursday, so now I shall have to put them off. I do think it's too bad of Jane. I was only saying to Gertie last Saturday—or was it Friday? No, it must have been Saturday, because I remember we were having sausages for supper, and I'd only bought them on Saturday morning—I was only saying to Gertie last Saturday..."

I repeat, if only some sympathetic, inane, and empty-headed friend will sit and talk to me like this, so that I can just say "Yes" and "No" and "Did they?" at intervals, and close my mind in utter unthinking peace, I am refreshed beyond measure.

Let not the great talker despise small talk. Great talk is a thing of times and seasons, the product of a particular age, dependent upon particular conditions. It is great talk that is ephemeral, great talk that is here to-day and gone to-morrow. But it is small talk that survives, sustains, and is eternal.

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.



BETTY (in the convalescent stage): "Mummy, you ought to know I never eat wice pudding, after living with me all these years."

DRAWN BY J. C. B. KNIGHT.

The present generation, on the other hand, admittedly prefers small talk to sustained conversation. Not that there has ever been an age in which small talk has not played a large part, in domestic and in minor social life. No doubt a respectable and united Phœnician family would spend many a pleasant hour chatting about the nasty-looking household gods of the new neighbours from Tyre, and the price of Cornish tin; and we may be sure that if the mother of the Gracchi didn't sometimes talk about hats, it was only because she had never seen any. But conversation as a sustained, constructive, and popular art seems to flourish only in times of moral and intellectual robustness, lively interest in national affairs, and highly developed staying power. A war-spent generation tends somewhat naturally to lose all three. It becomes morally and intellectually sceptical, is too overstrung for staying power, and, feeling its sufferings to be due to an excess of lively interest in national affairs, finds a livelier interest in getting away from them.

That great talk, properly controlled and within limits, had its merits we ought to

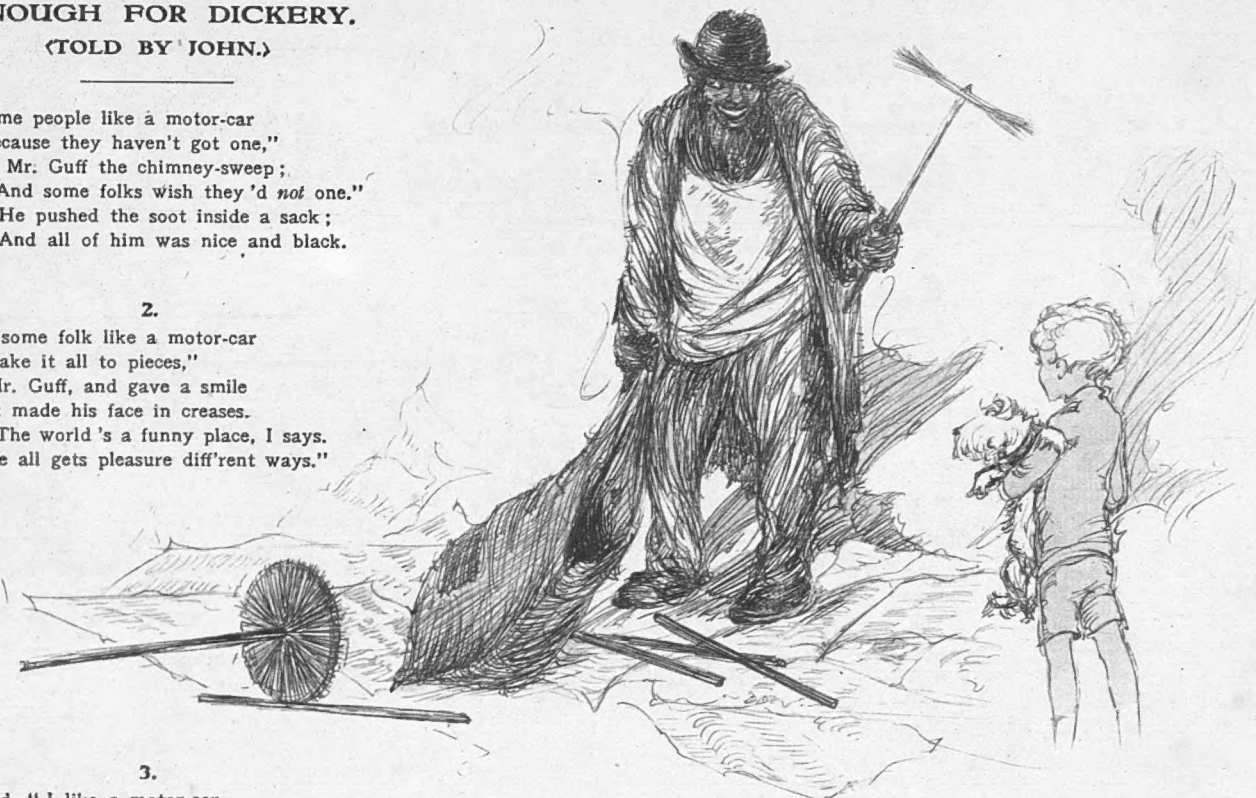
ENOUGH FOR DICKERY.

(TOLD BY JOHN.)

"Some people like a motor-car
Because they haven't got one,"
Said Mr. Guff the chimney-sweep;
"And some folks wish they'd *not* one."
He pushed the soot inside a sack;
And all of him was nice and black.

2.

"And some folk like a motor-car
To take it all to pieces,"
Said Mr. Guff, and gave a smile
That made his face in creases.
"The world's a funny place, I says.
We all gets pleasure diff'rent ways."



3.

I said, "I like a motor-car
That tears along and races,
So Ann and me and Dickery
Can hardly see the faces
Of people as we pass them by.
I like a motor-car to fly!"

4.

"I'm not surprised," said Mr. Guff;
"But what is real amazing
Is why your dog likes motor rides!
He always leans out, gazing—
So mournful-eyed and jogged about,
His whiskers blown all inside out!"

5.

Well, sometimes me and Ann have thought,
What pleasure can it be
For Dickery to come out rides?
But he *will* come, you see!
"I guess he feels," said Mr. Guff.
"He's *with* you both—and that's enough."
MARION ST. JOHN WEBB.



JOHN AND ME AND THE DICKERY DOG.—XX.

Above we continue our delightful series of pages with poems specially written for us by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, and illustrations specially made for us by Miss A. H. Watson. This week the boy

twin, John, is the spokesman, and retails Mr. Guff's opinion of motor-cars, and his charming explanation of the reason why Dickery likes riding in a car.

VERSES BY MRS. MARION ST. JOHN WEBB; ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS A. H. WATSON; SPECIALLY DONE FOR "THE SKETCH."



ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COMMANDER N. J. W. WILLIAM-POWLETT, D.S.C., R.N.:
MISS BARBARA GREENWELL.



TO MARRY MR. GEOFFREY WHITAKER, COLDSTREAM GUARDS:
MISS AMYSE WELBY.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN VAN DER NOOT:
THE HON. BARBARA COKAYNE.



TO MARRY MR. OLIVER WATNEY ON JAN. 22:
THE HON. PAMELA FREEMAN-MITFORD.

NOTABLE ENGAGEMENTS: A PAGE OF BRIDES-TO-BE.

The engagement of Miss Barbara Greenwell, second daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Greenwell, to Lieut.-Commander Newton J. Wallop William-Powlett, D.S.C., R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Barton William-Powlett, has been announced.—Miss Amyse Welby is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Alfred Welby and of Lady Welby, the well-known sculptor. Her engagement to Mr. Geoffrey Whitaker, youngest son of the late Mr. Arthur Whitaker, has

been announced.—The Hon. Barbara Cokayne is the eldest daughter of Lord Cullen of Ashbourne. She is engaged to Captain Van der Noot, stepson of Archdeacon Daldy.—The marriage of the Hon. Pamela Freeman-Mitford, second daughter of Lord Redesdale, to Mr. Oliver Watney, only son of Mr. Vernon and Lady Margaret Watney, will take place at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels', Leafeld, Oxon, on Jan. 22.

Photographs by Lafayette, Lenarc, and Marian Lewis.



FORMERLY MISS JOAN PEARS: MRS. SHIRLEY WORTHINGTON-EVANS IN HER WEDDING-GOWN.

THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

The marriage of Mr. Shirley Worthington-Evans, only son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Bt., to Miss Joan Pears, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Pears, of New Chapel House, Lingfield, was solemnised just before Christmas at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of parchment-coloured ring velvet, embroidered with gold

thread and pearls. Her headdress consisted of a tulle veil arranged under a chaplet of orange-blossom and pearls, and she carried a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and orchids. After the ceremony Mrs. Pears held a reception at Claridge's, which was attended by many well-known people, including Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, Mme. Paravicini, wife of the Swiss Minister, and others.

Photograph by Lenare.

Prophecies "In Other Words": "Old Bore's Almanack."

WE TOLD YOU SO!

PREDICTIONS OF OLD BORE THAT CAME TRUE LAST YEAR.

OLD BORE gave the winner of the Derby, only not in the right position owing to other horses rudely pushing past.

OLD BORE said Christmas Day would be on the 25th December.

OLD BORE said that if three planets came into collision over running water at the cross roads at midnight with Jupiter two up and one to play, there would be trouble; but they didn't and there wasn't, thus fulfilling the prediction entirely.

OLD BORE said that several motoring accidents would occur. Well, didn't they?

OLD BORE was the only one that predicted the opening of a tunnel in below the Atlantic, and if you haven't seen it that doesn't prove it hasn't been done.

Did or did not OLD BORE predict discontent in January? And wasn't there?

OLD BORE predicted that many of his predictions were fairly up the pole, and they are, so he was right, because they are all wrong.

OLD BORE predicted that a certain Star would rise still higher—good old GEORGE, we were right that time, anyhow.

OLD BORE foretold wet weather—right again.

OLD BORE said there would probably be more than one attempt to swim the Channel and that the attempts might or might not succeed—this was fulfilled up to the neck.

OLD BORE foretold that other events not predicted would come to pass and they came and passed—how's that for prophecy?

OLD BORE said you would come to a bad end—and so you will yet if you haven't done so already.

OLD BORE foretold, after a profound study of the stars, especially the Milky Way, that more milk would be drunk if the rounds were increased, and they are now rounder than ever.

OLD BORE said that in February a hairdresser would curl up and dye, and he did.

OLD BORE said that nothing would be done about Waterloo Bridge, and it wasn't.

OLD BORE said that there would be an interesting development in connection with free revolutionary international social federated democratic communistic conservative labour movements in various countries; and it is, or they are, or did, or whatever it may be, so OLD BORE was right probably.

OLD BORE denied that the refusal would be accepted by the agreement of the foreign States concerned with regard to the right to the throne of the Czechoslovakian accessions, which would have occurred if it hadn't been postponed.

OLD BORE foretold a great financial upheaval, and a penny in the slot machine on Brighton Pier was attacked by a Scotsman with a two-edged haggis in August.

OLD BORE foretold that the Tobacco Combine would make a profit on tobacco, and the Tobacco Combine made a profit on tobacco, thus proving the truth of the words of the profit.

OLD BORE foretold that there would be a record profit in the gramophone trade, and a record number of records was sold, thus showing OLD BORE once again gives other prophets the needle.

OLD BORE admits that he foretold that a number of well-known people would die, and regrets that they are still alive; this is a mistake on their part, however, and not on the part of OLD BORE.

HOW RIGHT WE WERE LAST YEAR: "OLD BORE'S" PAGE OF SELF-CONGRATULATION.

LADIES!



BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

Sensational Sale of Some Oddities!
Premises coming down,
Prices going up!

HUGE PURCHASE of Bankrupt Stock—and no wonder.

Magnificent Rodent Electric Moth Jazz Fur Two-Piece Pullover Costumes
As now very much worn indeed—in places.
Trimmed real junk, skunk, and pure funk.
The lowest goods in London.

All prices heavily reduced to, from upwards of, according to size and quality, 1/- to 1/11² per each.

SPECIAL OFFER of BERETS for BOBBED BEANS.
2½d. (tassel extra) slightly moth-eaten

Have lunch in our Basement. You'll need it after seeing our goods.

Messrs. IKENSTINE & FARFRAHAME,
The Long, Long Firm.

THE SALE SEASON: ONE OF THE ALLURING ADVERTISEMENT PAGES FROM "OLD BORE'S ALMANACK."

THE AUTO-PHIZ.

Have your photo taken this way and that way and see if it is really hopeless.

80 different positions—front, back, glad eye, gargoyle, distorting mirror, and other effects for

FOURPENCE

AND MONEY REFUNDED
if we are not satisfied with it.



MAUDIE AND HER BROTHER.
WERE PHOTOGRAPHED BY COURTESY.
TO INDICATE HER BROTHER.
THEY MARKED HIM WITH A CROSS.

ENLARGEMENTS on the tonsils, 1/- each.
Only 2 hours wait, ready immediately.

PROMPT DEVELOPMENTS if you do not pay.
See yourself as others have to.

Spend your money NOW—plenty of time to regret it later.
"Seven Dials" writes: "All my dials have come out on the spot."

It ought to fizz if it's an AUTO-PHIZ.

THE CHARMS OF THE AUTO-PHIZ: A PHOTOGRAPHIC ADVERTISEMENT FROM "OLD BORE'S ALMANACK."

"In Other Words," the musical show featuring Mr. George Robey the inimitable and Miss Marie Blanche, was produced just before Christmas at the Carlton. Above we reproduce some pages from one of Mr. Robey's most priceless tests—the "Old Bore's Almanack," which is obtainable

THE ONLY one that needn't say it is an ORIGINAL EDITION

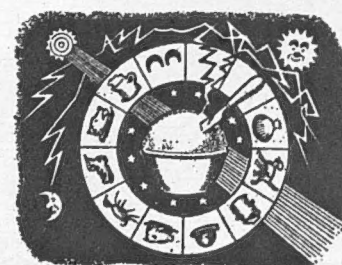
GEORGE ROBEY'S Old Bore's ALMANAC 1929

Omitting all the Principal English, Irish, Scottish, Welsh, and other Rabbit Fairs, whether single or return.
An eclipse for every day of the year and an éclair on Sundays.
THE FACES OF THE MOON BY A STAR CAST.

ALSO

Absolutely Undecipherable Hieroglyphics
to be robbed on the affected part after meals.
Lower Oolypics on application.
For 1929 or against.

Presumptions of Coming Events.
Predictions of Coming Traffic.
Lighting-up and darking-down time.
The worst Almanac ever published—unless he publishes another.



Caution.—SEE THAT YOU don't GET THIS EDITION plashed.
If genuine it will not have GEORGE ROBEY'S name on it.
Not One Penny. Sent Colas only. It copies free, by accident.

"IN OTHER WORDS"—BY GEORGE ROBEY: THE COVER OF "OLD BORE'S ALMANACK" FROM THE CARLTON THEATRE.

at the theatre, and provides readers with as many laughs as there are pages. It contains numbers of really enchanting advertisements, a page of prophecies for each month of the year, and the superb list of predictions of Old Bore that came true last year, printed under the title of "I Told You So."



TWO CLASSIC CHRISTMAS CHARACTERS: "CLOWN AND COLUMBINE."

STARS OF THE SAWDUST RING:
"BAREBACK RIDER AND TRAPEZIST."

"UP THE ROPES": A STUDY OF GIRL ACROBATS.

THE FINAL TOUCHES: A STUDY OF A CIRCUS
DRESSING-ROOM.

A WOMAN A.R.A. AT THE CIRCUS: LAURA KNIGHT IMPRESSIONS.

Christmas time is circus time, and Londoners this year have a fine choice of circus productions to visit during the festive season, as the famous Bertram Mills is again to be seen at Olympia, while Bostock is running his entertainment at Earl's Court. Above we give some remarkably vivid impressions of a circus by Mrs. Laura Knight, the famous artist and

woman Associate of the Royal Academy. Mrs. Knight has always been attracted by stage subjects, and her pictures of the Russian Ballet on the stage and behind the scenes are well known. She is the wife of Mr. Harold Knight, who is also an A.R.A. Further "behind-the-scenes" sketches by Mrs. Knight appeared in "The Illustrated London News" the other day.

From the Drawings by Laura Knight, A.R.A.



The Traveller.



By KATE MARY BRUCE. (Author of "The Chequer Board" and "Clipped Wings.")

WE got into the twelve o'clock train from the Gare du Nord simultaneously, and settled ourselves in opposite corners. He was a well-dressed young man with an alert blue eye and a monocle. I glanced quickly at his boots—the hall-mark, I had always been assured, of a gentleman. These were neat, brown, and glossy; he passed with honours. His nationality was more difficult to determine. He had a cosmopolitan bunch of literature upon his knee: *Le Rive*, *The Sketch*, a French novel, and two Italian illustrated papers. Our eyes met inquisitively, but, being well brought up and having been told by my mother never to catch the eye of strange men in trains, I picked up my latest Colette Willy and modestly glued my eyes to it. At that moment, amid a lot of last-minute kissing and waving and gesticulating, the train steamed out of the station with a jerk, and my hat-box, balanced somewhat precariously on the rack, fell suddenly into my lap, bounded off, and landed at the feet of my opposite neighbour. Leaping politely to his feet, he replaced the hat-box more securely in the rack. I thanked him in my Frenchest French.

"I perceive, Madame," he observed in the same language, "that you are English. Though," he hastened to add, "I should never have guessed as much from your accent."

I bowed, and I believe I blushed faintly, as I allowed that, in point of fact, yes, I was English.

"A Scottish name, I think?" said he. I raised my eyebrows interrogatively. How had he discovered my name?

"Ah, I have seen your name upon the valise, Madame," he remarked, smiling naïvely.

"Have you made a long stay in Paris?"

"*Hélas*, no, Monsieur. A brief sojourn, but a very enjoyable one."

"Did you visit the theatres?" he inquired.

I informed him that I had seen the divine Marianne and her husband, Sully. What acting! What charm! What infinite art and delicacy! What tone, what shade, what subtlety and wit! So we went on, softly ejaculating with that delicious absence of self-consciousness, which the French tongue not only permits, but encourages. My acquaintance sighed. It seemed strange, he informed me, to think that so gifted, so talented, so celebrated a couple should be unhappy in their married life.

"But love, Madame," he assured me gravely, "is a very curious and unaccountable thing."

"How true, Monsieur, how true!"

We discussed the divine passion from all its many aspects. At the opening sentences my British upbringing caused me to wrestle

with faint qualms of conscience: it seemed slightly improper to discuss love, even in the abstract, with a completely strange young man in a train. As we delved deeper into its mysteries, however, this prudishness vanished, and I warmed to the theme.

"The English husband, Madame," said my friend, "does not, cannot understand the meaning of love. He understands *le football*, *le cricket*, *le tennis*, *et le polo*, *mais l'amour*, *non!*" He eyed me sternly. "*Non!*" he repeated on a louder note. "The Englishman sees his wife. What does he do? He says to her: 'Hello, old ducky!' *Il l'embrasse, puis il s'en va, faire*

and learning began to impress me deeply. He suddenly embarked upon music, of which he knew a lot. I discovered that he spent six months of the year in Vienna, that he was just returning from a trip to Nice, that he had some excellent *fruits confits* in his box, that he was an Italian, and heartily approved of Mussolini. Here again we waved our hands and leapt into the air. "What a man!" we cried. "What a giant! What a picturesque image in this prosaic and unromantic century of industrialism and scientific discovery!" When we reached Calais, I seated myself upon the deck, being a very good sailor, wrapped in a sailor's oilskin and my own thoughts; but my Latin friend retired below, and met me again at Dover, pale-green. I was almost ashamed of what can only be described as my positively rude health.

As we neared Victoria, I thought how lucky I had been to meet an Italian nobleman, so well educated and widely read; he was probably in the Diplomatic—he had spoken of *Il Duce* as if he knew him personally—and I thought how nicely he would do for Mary and me to take to dances and the kind of high-brow parties which our husbands always refused to attend.

"You would never guess my occupation in life, Madame," he remarked suddenly, as if he had read my thoughts.

I blushed. "No, I cannot possibly guess," I replied.

He sighed heavily. "*Hélas*, Madame."

"One does not choose one's occupation in life," he stated.

"How true, Monsieur."

"*Enfin, Madame, la vie est une chose compliquée et difficile—*"

"Yes, indeed, Monsieur."

My mind leapt to a thousand possibilities, none of them correct.

"*Enfin, Madame*, I travel in felt hats," he said.

I did not wink an eye-lash. "Ah?" said I.

At Victoria my husband advanced to meet me out of the gloom, an enormous figure clad

in plus-fours and nailed brogues, for he keeps holy the Sabbath day upon the golf links. "Behold," I said to my friend in felt hats. "*Le mari anglais!*"

He took one look at my husband, and whilst I was still murmuring sweet nothings in French to the effect that he had been so gentle for me—a literal translation—he scuttled away into the night.

"A charming Italian," I exclaimed. "He knows all about Vienna, Einstein, Beethoven, Bach, Furtwängler, Nice, Buddhism, Mussolini, love, theosophy, the fourth dimension—"

"Cracking Christopher!" exclaimed my husband, much impressed. "What does he do?"

"Travels in felt hats," I replied haughtily.



TRIM AND WORKMANLIKE SKATING COSTUMES ON THE BALL-ROOM FLOOR: THE MISSES SYLVIA AND KATHLEEN FAYRE AT THE KIT-CAT RESTAURANT.

The Misses Sylvia and Kathleen Fayre have been giving a delightful skating dance at the Kit-Cat Restaurant, and are pictured above in a graceful pose. Their dresses illustrate the last word in smartness for skating enthusiasts, and are by the famous firm of Burberrys of the Haymarket.—[Photograph by Lenare.]

une partie de golf!" He shook his head. "That is not love, Madame!"

I put up a spirited argument in defence of my countrymen, but he remained unconvinced. The Latin races were, he assured me, the only ones who understood woman. From love we wandered to religion. "*Hélas, Madame!*" said my monocled friend. "My scientific education forbids me to believe in the existence of God."

We ambled in a desultory fashion through the religions of the ages, until we found ourselves confronted with the Einstein theory.

"There is no time," we agreed, and this thought stimulated us so greatly that we jumped up and down upon our seats and waved our hands about. His intelligence



A WONDERFUL POSE: MISS MAVROGORDATO AND CAPTAIN TAYLOR GIVING AN EXHIBITION ON THE RINK AT MÜRREN.



FOUR FAMOUS BRITISH SKI-RUNNERS AT MÜRREN: L. TO R., MISS DOREEN ELLIOTT, LADY RAEBURN, MR. W. R. BRACKEN, AND MR. ARNOLD LUNN.



EXPERT SKI-ERS RUNNING DOWN THE ROOF OF THE RAILWAY STATION AT MÜRREN: MISS ELLIOTT AND LADY RAEBURN IN ACTION.



A FAMOUS LADY SKATER IN AN ORIGINAL SKI-ING COSTUME: MISS HILDA RUCKERT, WEARING A SHEEPSKIN COAT, AND BEING TOWED ALONG BY A COUPLE OF DOGS AT ST. MORITZ.



A FAMILY PARTY AT ST. MORITZ: FRANK O'NEIL, THE JOCKEY, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS, THE MISSES FRANCES AND MARY O'NEIL.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HAT" AMID ICE, SUN, AND SNOW: MR. MICHAEL ARLEN, AT ST. MORITZ, WITH MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN.

The Winter Sports season is with us again, and any amount of well-known people are enjoying the delights of rink and run amid the snow and sun. Miss Mavrogordato and Captain Taylor are exceptionally fine skaters, and are pictured in one of their exhibitions at Mürren.—Miss Hilda Ruckert, the well-known skater, makes a novel suggestion in ski-outfits with her short sheep-skin coat worn over an equally abbreviated skirt.—Miss Doreen Elliott, daughter of Mr. Frank Elliott, is one of the best-known English lady ski-runners, and has won many races.—Lady Raeburn is a well-known habituée of winter sports places, and is a great expert.—Mr. W. R. Bracken won the Roberts of Kandahar Cup last year, and a number of other cups; and Mr. Arnold Lunn is, of course, a name to conjure with in Winter Sportsland.—Many well-known jockeys visit St. Moritz and other winter-sports resorts at this time of the year, and Frank O'Neil is accompanied by his family at St. Moritz.—Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen are among the other celebrated visitors to St. Moritz.

ON RINK AND RUN: SKI-ING, LITERARY, AND SPORTING CELEBRITIES.

Photographs by Keystone, T.P.A., and I.B.

We Take Off Our Hat to—

**MR. ROBERT NICHOLS.**

FOR JOINING WITH MR. MAURICE BROWNE TO GIVE BROADWAY A BRITISH CABINET. Mr. Robert Nichols is part-author with Mr. Maurice Browne, of "Wings Over Europe," the all-men play, produced by the New York Theatre Guild, at the Martin Beck Theatre. The play introduces a whole British Cabinet.

**MR. MAURICE BROWNE.**

FOR JOINING WITH MR. ROBERT NICHOLS TO GIVE BROADWAY A BRITISH CABINET. Mr. Maurice Browne and Mr. Robert Nichols are joint authors of "Wings Over Europe." This notable play, recently produced in New York, "features" a British Cabinet.

**THE ASTAIRES AND LESLIE HENSON.**

FOR KEEPING THEIR "FUNNY FACES" OUTSIDE THE THEATRE, WHEN THE INSIDE WAS DENIED TO THEM.

Owing to the gas explosion, "Funny Face" performances could not be held for a day or two; but this temporary banishment from the inside of the theatre did not affect Mr. Henson's Funny Face, nor the good humour of Fred and Adele Astaire.

**LORD GORELL.**

FOR TELLING THE LORDS ABOUT GAZOOMPHING THE SARKER. Lord Gorell, in moving the second reading of the Bill designed to prevent mock auctions, explained various slang phrases used at mock auctions. These included "gazoomphing the sarker" (parting a rich man from his money), and "smitting the bogey" (removing an awkward questioner).

**CAPTAIN SIR HUBERT WILKINS.**

FOR DISCOVERING THAT A "PENINSULA" IS NOT AN ISLAND.

Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins's flight of discovery and exploration over Graham Land towards the Polar Continent resulted in various discoveries. Six new uncharted islands were discovered, and Graham Land was found to be an island, not a peninsula, as previously believed.

**THIS COMPETITOR IN A REGATTA.**

FOR BEING TWICE ARMED AGAINST THE RAIN.

The competitor pictured above took part in the Richmond Fancy Dress Regatta, held last week. It will be noticed that he is twice armed against the rain, as he is wearing a diving helmet which might be expected to be water-tight, and is also carrying an umbrella—just to make a certainty of keeping dry.

**MISS MALVINA HOFFMAN.**

FOR CUTTING A GLITTERING ANTHRACITE COALMAN.

Miss Malvina Hoffman, the well-known American sculptor, has cut the bust of a coalman from a single block of glittering anthracite coal, and is pictured above with her own handiwork, which is a life-size piece of sculpture exhibited in New York recently. Miss Hoffman's show of her sculpture was a very successful exhibition.



A BRITISH CABINET ON THE STAGE OF THE MARTIN BECK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

L. to r., Richard Stapp, Secretary of State for War (Hugh Buckler), Sir Romilly Blount, First Lord of the Admiralty (Grant Stewart), St. John Pascoe, Attorney-General (George Graham), Lord Cossington, Secretary of State for the Dominions (Thomas A. Braidon), Esme Falkner, Secretary of State for the Air (Charles Francis), Evelyn Arthur, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs (Frank Conroy), Francis Lightfoot, the Inventor (Alexander Kirkland), Walter Grantley, Prime Minister (Ernest Lawford), Sir Humphrey Haliburton, Secretary of State for Home Affairs (Nicholas Joy), Lord Vivian Vere, President of the Board of Education (Robert Rendel), Lord Sunningdale, Lord Privy Seal (John Dunn), H. G. Dunne, First Commissioner of Works (Gordon Richards), Matthew Grindle, Chancellor of the Exchequer (Joseph Kilgour), and Lord Dedham, Lord High Chancellor (Frank Elliott).

THE DÉNOUEMENT OF THE PLAY: RICHARD STAPP, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR (HUGH BUCKLER), THREATENS THE INVENTOR WITH A PISTOL, WHILE SIR ROMILLY BLOUNT, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (GRANT STEWART) (LEFT), AND LORD DEDHAM, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR (FRANK ELLIOTT) WATCH WITH TENSE HORROR AND EXCITEMENT.



A THRILLING ALL-MEN DRAMA: "WINGS OVER EUROPE," IN NEW YORK.

Though Broadway is "dominated by legs" and dance shows, the enterprise of the Theatre Guild in producing "Wings Over Europe," a serious drama, with an all-male cast, at the Martin Beck Theatre, has been rewarded by success. The play is by Mr. Robert Nichols, the distinguished English poet, and Mr. Maurice Browne, who is known in America as the "Father of the Little Theatre Movement," and will be remembered by all Londoners for his fine performance as the Unknown Warrior. The story deals with an idealistic young inventor, nephew of the Prime Minister. He is anxious to cure the world of all its ills, and has in his hands illimitable powers,

but comes to the Cabinet to demand money. In order to create a complete illusion, the scenery in the Cabinet scene is said to be the closest approximation to the actual Cabinet Council Room in No. 10, Downing Street ever seen on the stage. The Cabinet, speaking through the mouth of Evelyn Arthur, a figure in which some have described Balfourian characteristics—explains that, owing to the peculiarities of human nature, the world cannot be re-made over the week-end! A gigantic battle of wills ensues, and an immense variety of pressure is put on the boy. The last act is full of drama, and the play ends with an exciting dénouement.

Photographs by Vandamm.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY

A HAPPY New Year to everyone! What a wonderful relief it was to be able to enjoy our Christmas and Hogmanay festivities in genuinely merry mood, for the hopeful bulletins about his Majesty came to lift the cloud of the country's anxiety at the happiest time. We prepared to revel with hope in our hearts, whether we brought in 1929 at home among

the dullness and darkness outside seemed hardly noticeable.

It was rather amusing to watch the difficulties some of the guests at these two weddings had in remembering to which church they meant to go, as St. Margaret's and the Henry VII. Chapel are within a stone's-throw of each other. Some chauffeurs, seeing a long line of waiting cars outside St. Margaret's, fell into line, though they were carrying guests who should have gone on into Dean's Yard for Miss Lyttelton's wedding. I rather think this must have accounted for the slightly agitated last-minute appearance in the Abbey of a trio of mothers: the lovely Duchess of Rutland, Lady Moira Lyttelton, and Lady Hartington—the last-named looking very well in her "tammy béret" of beige velours cloth. All three had small boys with them, ready to act as pages, and I must say that the children looked splendidly handsome little men in their long rose-pink silk tights and rich brocade tunics. As for little Rosemary Lyttelton, the only bridesmaid at the Craik-Lyttelton wedding, she has the most exquisite dark auburn curls, and will be a startling beauty when she grows up. Everyone admired her beauty as she walked right up the Abbey with a solemn, composed air, and there is no doubt that she



1. "Drat the girl! Where is Mariegold? The Sketch are shrieking for her, and heaven knows. . . . Here, Joey, go fetch Mariegold, and run along with her to Inveresk House—good dog!"

our relatives, playing bridge, in dance clubs, or at that thoroughly jolly annual gathering, the Chelsea Arts Club Ball.

Family gatherings of the classic pattern were "the thing" this year, and in many country houses impressive parties of relatives gathered together. Violet Duchess of Rutland went to spend the festive season with her son and his family; Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne were at home with a number of their relations; and Lord and Lady Beatty had his brother and sister-in-law, Major and Mrs. "Vandy" Beatty in their party; while the family gatherings in London included Sir Neville and Lady Pearson's, for Lady (Arthur) Pearson spent Christmas in town, so as to be with her son and his lovely wife, Miss Gladys Cooper.

I doubt if ever before Christmas and the New Year have coincided with so many early honeymoon days, as 1928 went out in a perfect "spate" of weddings, and many family parties at home must have been incomplete on account of a young couple enjoying sunshine and warmth in the South, in Italy, or even further afield in Egypt. Lord and Lady Crawford will miss their eldest daughter, Lady Margaret, who became the wife of Captain Cyril Illingworth at one of the last of the pre-Christmas weddings—on the same day that Dame Edith Lyttelton's only daughter, Mary, married Sir George Craik. It was bad luck on both these brides that a thick fog should have descended over London on their wedding day, but at both ceremonies there was so much colour in the bridal processions, and in the brilliant surroundings in which they took place that

was the "star turn" of the wedding, always excepting the bride, who looked her very best. She had a serious air—the correct, rather rapt solemnity of the classic bride characterised her in contrast to the vivacious, smiling look of so many of the up-to-date modern ones.

St. Margaret's hardly had a "day off" before Christmas, for on the following day Mr. Shirley Worthington-Evans, son of the Secretary of State for War, married Miss Joan Pears, and a congregation which represented diplomacy and politics very thoroughly assembled for the ceremony.

The bride is fair and has masses of lovely hair, which she wore almost uncovered, save for a *rouleau* of orange buds, for her long and full tulle veil hung only from the extreme back. It was an effective and original touch to have her small sister, Nira, dressed exactly like herself, and the eleven-year-old chief bridesmaid filled the part allotted to her most successfully. There were half-a-dozen other attendants in various shades of gold velvet, the most important of the girls being Miss Rosemary Worthington-Evans, who works so hard with



Miss Betty Baldwin for the "Young Conservatives."

Yet another wedding took place at the same church that week when Miss Pearl Sanderson, daughter of Sir Frank Sanderson, married Mr. Gerald Donner. The real "seasonable" touch appeared here, for the bride was a delicious figure in billowy white chiffon, and her bridesmaids, in their quaint crinoline frocks, with little ermine-trimmed coatees, big hats with curling plumes, and ermine muffs, might have stepped right out of a Christmas card.

With the advent of the New Year, we have still more important weddings to attend, with the marriage of Lady Mary Scott and Lord Burghley on the tenth, and that of Mr. Michael Henderson and Miss Oonagh Brassey on the fourteenth—to mention only two. Lady Norah Graham, the mother of the latter bride, is the younger sister of Lord Donoughmore, and the reception after the ceremony at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, is being held at 5, Chesterfield Gardens, the London house of the Donoughmores. Mr. Michael Henderson is the second son of Lady Violet Henderson, and is a grandson of Lord Faringdon. He and Miss Brassey will be a very young bride and bridegroom, as he is only twenty-two and Miss Brassey is a couple of years his junior.

There are plenty "in-aid-of" entertainments coming along in January, too, to provide distraction for those who have not gone "winter-sporting" or "sun-chasing." The matinée of "The Young Visitors" at the Strand on Tuesday next, Jan. 8, in aid



2. "Yes, I'll get up every morning and go for a walk before. . . ." Thus was Mariegold ruminating and resolving when "Whoof!"—and suddenly she found herself in mid-air, suspended by her pyjamas in the jaws of a woolly monster.

of the Women's League of Service for Motherhood, promises to be the greatest fun. Again this year the cast will be composed of the sons and daughters of well-known stage folk, and these young folk all betray a great deal of inherited talent; while in the ball-room scene Lady Brecknock's children, the daughter of Lady Carisbrooke, and the baby sons and daughters of several other

lounge where spectators could watch the activities of the dancers in considerable comfort.

Two of the guests who roused most interest were Lady Mary Scott, fourth daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and her fiancé, Lord Burghley, the famous athlete, who are to be married on Jan. 10, and made their first appearance together at a Border gathering on the night of the ball. They are a radiant and striking-looking couple, as Lady Mary is a brunette with a glorious complexion, and Lord Burghley is fair, with the spare frame and graceful movements of an athlete.

There were large house-parties in all the big houses on the Border for the ball. The largest came from Bowhill, the Duke's beautiful Selkirkshire home. Both the Duke and Duchess were present, with all their daughters—mostly dressed in white. The family gathering consisted of Lady Margaret Hawkins and her husband, Commander Hawkins, Mr. Charles and Lady Sybil Phipps, and the Ladies Alice, Mary, and Angela Scott. The party also included Lady Alexandra and Lady Victoria Haig, daughters of Lady Haig, who made a striking-looking pair, dressed in the same shade of mauve. Lady Rachel Howard, Lady Jean Ramsay, and Miss Joan Marjoribanks were the other

girls, and the men were Lord William Scott, Lord Frederick Cambridge (the Queen's nephew, who has just come of age), Mr. Henry Home, and some others.

Lord and Lady Dalkeith—the latter looking simply charming—brought a party from Eildon Hall. Their guests included Lady Anne Cavendish, the unmarried daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, Miss Diana Cavendish, and Miss Phyllis Astor. From Mellerstain, Lord and Lady Haddington brought Lady Stratheden, Lord and Lady Doune, the Misses Jean and Marjorie Scott—Lord George Scott's popular twins, who always look so *piquante* and attractive—Miss Lindley, and others. Lady Churchill, always one of the best-looking of our Border hostesses, came with Lord Churchill; Merton was represented by Lady Anne Egerton (very pretty in a lovely silver gown), Lady Jane Egerton, and Miss Joan Verney, chaperoned by Lady Ellesmere's sister, Mrs. Claud Lambton, as Lady Ellesmere herself was in London at that moment.

Lord and Lady Minto, who spent Christmas at Minto for the first time for some years, brought Mr. Cooke, Lady Minto's brother, and his bride from Canada. Mrs. Bell-Irving came with her party from Makerstoun. Her guests included the very good-looking Mrs. Plowden, wife of Captain Plowden, of the Scots Greys, Miss Stella Wynn, and Major Gaisford St. Lawrence, another Scots Grey officer. Major-General

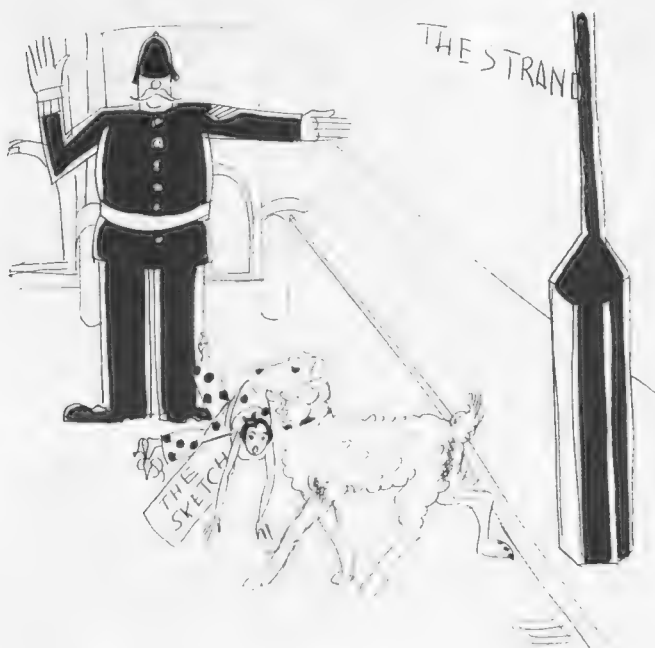
Walter Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford, who has lately married again, brought his wife and her débutante daughter, Mlle. de Sincat, and Mr. Brodie of Brodie. Mr. Geoffrey Babington came from Pinnaclehill with a brother officer, Captain Verelst, and Mrs. Verelst.

Colonel and Mrs. Augustus Baillie, with their daughter Fanny and their son Simon, had Miss Pamela Balfour with them. She is a pretty and attractive girl, and is well known in amateur theatricals. From the Holmes, St. Boswells, Mrs. Norman Ritchie came with her two daughters, Ruth and Elspeth. The latter looked specially pretty in a pale green net which suited her colouring and nice fair hair very well.

The tall, dark Master of Polwarth was one of the most energetic of the dancers, but his wife did more talking and sitting out than dancing; while Lady Hay combined much conversation with a lot of dancing. Young Lord Hobart, the only son of Lord Buckinghamshire, is back again from Australia, and was dancing most of the time, partnering Miss Sprot of Riddell on several occasions.

It was amusing to tot up the number of different Hunt coats to be seen, and as many as eight different packs were represented. The reels were, of course, a feature of the programme, and I hear that one excellent set was danced by the Bowhill party with animation. There was not one lazy or inept dancer among them. One of the prettiest girls to be seen was Miss Rosemary Balfour, niece of Mr. Charles Scott Plummer, Lord-Lieutenant of Selkirkshire. She is a débutante, and looked perfectly charming; and Miss Elizabeth Sprot was also in great good looks in a white frock.

On the following day the "after-the-ball" meet was held at the Kennels. It was a very large one, and a great many of the dancers were mounted; while others came on foot or in cars. All thoroughly enjoyed the good day's sport. Clarilaw was the first draw; a fox was found at once, and off they went over the nicest of the country



3. Dignified and sedate was their progress along the Strand, Mariegold swearing "never to go to a party again."

well-known Society people will make their appearance as distinguished little "supers."

Another entertainment well worth visiting is the production of Our Lady's Players at the Chelsea Palace to help the Crusade of Mercy. Sierra's "Holy Night," followed by "The Devil's Wedding," a short opera by Gluck, are the attractions, and as both these items are new to England it should prove a most interesting programme. Lady Winefride Elwes is a member of the Committee and is working hard to make it a big success.

London was not, of course, notable for many private parties during Christmas week, and Lord and Lady Southwark's many friends were most grateful to this popular couple for providing delightful distraction on Boxing Day by their music and bridge afternoon in their beautiful Devonshire Place house. The musical part of the programme was provided by Miss Jessop, who played her 'cello, and there was plenty of bridge for those who feel that a day without the chance of doubling one no-trump or calling up to five diamonds is a wasted one! Lord and Lady Southwark are among London's veteran hosts, as Lord Southwark is over eighty, but is splendidly hale and hearty. Lady Southwark is not only a witty conversationalist, but is a clever artist, and her home is decorated with many of her own paintings.

A letter from Scotland brings me news from the Borders, where the festive season went off most gaily. The Buccleuch Hunt Ball which was held this year for the first time in the Victoria Hall, Selkirk, instead of at Kelso, was specially successful. Though some regretted the move for sentimental reasons, the new venue is an improvement in every way. Selkirk is more central, and the Victoria Hall with its new decorations and recently installed electric light proved an excellent ball-room. The platform had been converted into a luxurious



4. "This is an unfortunate start for the New Year, young lady," admonished the Editor. "You must contrive to get up earlier in the morning. Why don't you make some such resolution for the future?"

by Cavers, Linthill, Belses, etc.; and in the evening many of the young folk danced at the fancy-dress ball given by the Duchess of Buccleuch at Bowhill. MARIEGOLD.



Two
Famous
Cricket-
ers and
Their
Brides-
to-Be.



ENGAGED TO MR. H. J. ENTHOVEN, THE CAMBRIDGE AND MIDDLESEX CRICKETER: MISS MARGOT GULLILAND.

THE OXFORD AND KENT CRICKETER AND HIS FIANCÉE: MR. GEOFFREY BEVINGTON LEGGE AND MISS ROSEMARY FROST.

TOSSING AT
LORD'S BEFORE
THE INTER-
'VARSITY MATCH
OF 1926:
THE RESPECTIVE
CAPTAINS,
MR. G. B. LEGGE
(OXFORD), AND
MR. H. J. ENTHOVEN
(CAMBRIDGE).



Mr. H. J. Enthoven and Mr. Geoffrey Bevington Legge are two of the best-known of our young amateur cricketers. Mr. Enthoven first came into prominence at Harrow. Later he went to Cambridge, and played for that University in 1923, 1924, 1925, and 1926, captaining the side in 1926. Since leaving the University he has played for Middlesex.—Mr. H. B. Legge is a former captain of the Oxford Eleven, and is now captain of the Kent County team. He is one of the most successful

amateur batsmen of the day, and went with the M.C.C. to South Africa. He is twenty-five years of age, and is thus the youngest county cricket captain. The engagement of Mr. G. B. Legge to Miss Rosemary Frost, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Frost, of Glebe House, Hayes, was announced recently; and on the following day the engagement of Mr. H. J. Enthoven to Miss Margot Gulliland, younger daughter of the late Mr. Colin Gulliland, and of Mrs. Gulliland, was announced.

Photographs by P. and A.P., S. and G., and Dorothy Wilding.



THE MARRIAGE OF MISS PEARL SANDERSON AND MR. GERALD M. DONNER: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARGARET'S.



TO MARRY MR. EDWARD HOOS, ONLY SON OF MR. AND MRS. MARTEN HOOS, OF THE HAGUE: THE HON. SARAH CUST.



ENGAGED TO MR. EDWARD WADHAM: MISS MARGOT CZARNIKOW, ONLY CHILD OF MR. AND MRS. HORACE CZARNIKOW.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARY-ON-THE-ROCK, ELLON, ABERDEENSHIRE: MR. THOMAS INNES, OF LEARNEY, AND HIS BRIDE, LADY LUCY BUCHAN.



ENGAGED TO MISS DOROTHY HILLMAN: DR. WILLIAM TWEDDELL, EX-AMATEUR CHAMPION AND FAMOUS GOLFER.

Two Weddings and a Trio of Important Engagements.



TO MARRY THE CELEBRATED GOLFER, DR. WILLIAM TWEDDELL: MISS DOROTHY HILLMAN.

Mr. Gerald M. Donner is the only son of the late Mr. Edward Donner. His bride is the only daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson, of Malling Deanery, Lewes.—The Hon. Sarah Cust is the only daughter of the late Lord Brownlow, and of Maud Lady Brownlow, of The Mount, Market Harborough, and is the sister of the present Lord Brownlow.—Miss Margot Czarnikow is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Czarnikow, of Farnborough Hall, Banbury. Her fiancé is the eldest son of the late Mr.

Arthur E. M. Wadham.—Lady Lucy Buchan is the third daughter of the Earl of Caithness. Her marriage to Mr. Thomas Innes, of Learney, took place recently. She was attended by her youngest sister, Lady Augusta Buchan, and by Miss Isobel Scott-Elliot.—Dr. William Tweddell is the ex-amateur golf champion, and captained the British golf team which visited America last August. His engagement to Miss Dorothy Hillman, only daughter of Mr. Arthur Hillman, has been announced.

OUR SHORT STORY.

THE RED HAND.

By H. R. WAKEFIELD. Author of "They Return at Evening" and "Gallimaufry."

THE postman's knock sounded just as the famous writer of ghost stories was drinking his coffee after dinner. There was only one letter for him, and he recognised by the writing on the envelope that it came from his literary agent. It was a handwriting he had learnt to love, for it was also to be found on the fat cheques which came in such envelopes. He opened it and found it *did* contain a cheque—not quite so fat as usual—and a letter. The first he put in his note-case, and then turned to the letter.

DEAR MR. RHODE,

I enclose a cheque for your American royalties, which I hope you will find satisfactory. Now I have not forgotten that you gave me strict instructions not to approach you ever again with offers for psychic stories, but I have summoned up my courage to disobey you, because of the very flattering proposal just made to me by the International people. They want a 4000-word story from you for their Christmas numbers—the International Magazine in America, and Brett's over here, of course. They will pay you £400 for first serial rights, and I thought this such a lavish offer that I felt it my duty to pass it on to you. I hope you will forgive me. They want copy by Aug. 1, if you accept.

Yours sincerely,

A. B. TRYON.

"Blast the fellow!" thought Mr. Rhode. "Tempting me like that to disobey doctor's orders. Certainly it's a good price; quite half what they pay Michael Arlen. I feel like writing a tale called 'Those Alarming Green Rats,' I'm so flattered. But that isn't quite my *métier*. What is it? To fool the myriad-mindless mob, and cause their bugle eye-balls to pop from their sockets with the dear old 'lighted-turnip' bunk. I've done it exactly 100 times; sixty good, thirty moderate, and ten duds, and they liked the duds best! Who said you couldn't fool all of the people all of the time? That was just a typical piece of greasy politician's slobber. Once they really believed they couldn't, they'd go into the advertising business, or some less cynical profession.

But here he was, at the age of sixty-four, still in the ghost-story business, with thirty-six years of it behind him, his tongue so very stiff from burrowing a hole in his cheek. How had it happened? Well, no doubt heredity had something to do with it, for his father had been a Nonconformist parson and his mother the daughter of a nerve specialist—a nasty ancestry, enough to get him dismissed with a caution for any crime tried before a realist judge. But it couldn't all be blamed on his begetters; there must have been a stout dollop of original sin looking for a congenial home when he was brought into the world. For how otherwise could it have happened that he, utterly, unregenerately sceptical, a gross "imperceptible," if a more controversially tart epithet were preferred, had written 100 extremely popular ghost stories, which had netted him £40,000? Yet he hadn't the slightest belief in this chain-clanking tripe. Not that he wrote that sort of story, and he knew many of his to be highly disturbing, intensely visualised tales, technically admirable, for he knew his business, and to do himself justice was

a decent craftsman, who never left a tale till he had tightened and trimmed and polished it to as near perfection as he could bring it.

Yet the deeper question remained unanswered. What fantastic kink had made him the best-known ghost story writer in the world? Certainly he knew authors of such tales were seldom over-credulous, usually were temperamentally disinclined to review the regurgitations of mediums, weave fantasies with ectoplasm, or join Conan Doyle in a romp with under-vitaminsed pantomime fairies. Yet none of them shared his unswerving, contemptuous disbelief in the possible existence of the spirits he called up.

Lowell, for example, who had written some decent ones, had told him that while he never expected to see anything of the kind, he would not be greatly surprised if he did so. Agnew, whose reputation was far higher than it deserved to be, had solemnly stated that in a waking dream one morning, he had seen the whole universe, like a transparent globe, the size of an orange, poised on his head, and that it had seemed when he peered into it as infinite as when he stared up at the stars, and that he had felt for a moment, with a sense of ecstasy, that he was on the verge of understanding the truth of all things, on the lintel of the final secret. Well, he hadn't put it quite as crudely as that—but what piffing mysticism, what puerile idealism—no wonder he wrote such rot! The universe was as hopelessly inexplicable as the minds of those who thought otherwise.

Well, should he write Number 101? Four hundred quid was not to be despised. He could buy those oils of Regnier with which Jenkins of the Pall Mall Gallery was always tempting him. And £2000 a year didn't go so far nowadays. All right, he'd do it. But never again, he swore it. He'd better look over his notes for those stories he'd conceived but never brought to birth.

He went to a drawer and pulled out a battered note-book, over the leaves of which he ran his eye. Eventually he paused at a heading—"The Red Hand"—and read out to himself, "Suggested title, 'Red Hand.' Central idea—employee kills head of firm, who has discovered his tampering with the till. Sob relief—employee owns wife and large family, destined for work-house if swindle discovered. Method of crime—employee sent for by boss after office shuts. Employee, let us call him 'Tonks,' knows why he is summoned, and is desperate. (The fact that he is sent for must not be known to anyone else.) He comes to boss's office and is shown evidence of swindle. Asked about it. (Employee better be old member of firm and trusted.) He loses all self-control, picks up poker, and puts boss to sleep. As boss slips out of chair to floor he overturns with left hand red ink pot which empties contents over same hand of boss. Tonks tiptoes quietly from room. Looks back once and sees a red hand sticking out from side of desk. Tonks makes successful 'get-away.' End of Part I."

"Part II. Mystery unsolved. (Work

this up.) Trouble for Tonks begins few days later. He is in bus. Just handing penny to conductor when Red Hand materialises and, as it were, conducts Tonks's hand to conductor. (This must be subtly phrased.) Tonks feels that this must just be a projection from his own mind, due to its intense preoccupation with the crime. Image of hand has been etched on mind, and therefore appears. Reassures himself. Not for long. Finds same Red Hand taking letters from him as he signs them and gives them to typist. Begins to be always at his service—helps him insert latch-key in front door at home, etc. (Bored for the moment, will finish to-morrow.)

"Red Hand becomes ubiquitous—almost as ubiquitous as Bolshie red hand to Duke of Northumberland. Sees its imprint wherever he goes. (Make a point of this.) Eventually, however, it settles in his home. (Perhaps, make it cause nervous breakdown in Tonks, so keeping him at home.) Anyway, eventually touches forehead of one young Tonks, and that young Tonks dies; kills them all, one by one (so increasing Tonks's income tax.) Eventually touches Mrs. Tonks's forehead, and she goes west. Tonks now on verge of madness and taken to mental home. He wakes up in middle of night and finds Hand stroking his forehead. Screams out a confession and Tonks family extinct."

"Note: This synopsis very rough and undeveloped. Full of difficulties and needs most careful working out. No need for elaborate characterisation. All simple types. Actual appearances of Red Hand must be neatly contrasted and most convincingly described."

Mr. Rhode put down the document. "Rough and undeveloped! I should say it was! But the idea isn't bad. I'll put my mind to it."

One had a curious sensation when reading over an old synopsis, almost as if one were stealing the idea, plagiarising from someone else. That was so in a sense, for he and the other fellow in a sense *were* different people. He had written it ten years ago. It was all very well for that other fellow to say there was no need for elaborate characterisation, but Tonks had got to be made a convincing murderer and the best type of family man at the same time. And he must have been a tough nut to have stuck it as long as he did. That was good; he was beginning to see him objectively.

First of all he must visualise that hand. He put his hands over his ears and stared down at the blotting-paper, and then after a moment he started back. Well, that had been a *very* successful attempt. It had actually seemed to be there. Red as hell-fire, and the little finger longer than the ring finger. That was just the bizarre detail he wanted. Rather reassuring to find he could still visualise as well as ever—if not better. So well that the stain of the hand, the visual echo, as it were, seemed still to linger on the blotting-paper.

He must make the boss an unpleasant fellow, rather a sneering bully, a grinder of wage-slaves' silly faces. Everyone would cheerfully murder someone—I'd murder "Jix"—and most people would have a sneaking sympathy for Tonks, but it

[Continued on page 37.]



EXIT BONZO — ENTER OOLOO! THE NEW LOAD OF MISCHIEF.

The combination of "The Sketch" and Studdy and the Bonzo Dog became world-famous. We are now able to announce the appearance of a new Studdy character — Ooloo the Cat. This load of mischief has now arrived at "The Sketch" office and makes his bow to our readers above. His future adventures and exploits will be recorded in our pages.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



THAT COMFORTING COMPENSATION !

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNY.



MIRAGE!

DRAWN BY ARTHUR WATTS.



THE SHADOW

FROM THE PICTURE



OF DOUBT.

RE BY PIERROT.



REVELLING IN THE NEW YEAR.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SUZANNE MEUNIER.



THE WRONG DOSE!

SYMPATHETIC DOCTOR (to the speed merchant who has had quite enough): "Now don't worry. With proper care and treatment there's no reason why you shouldn't be able to knock out eighty-five."

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR THE SKETCH BY BERT THOMAS.



THE PRIM NANCY OF "SONG OF THE SEA": MISS LILIAN DAVIES.

Miss Lilian Davies plays Nancy, the prim heroine of "Song of the Sea" the musical comedy now running at His Majesty's. The setting of the piece is in the time of Nelson, and the action takes place at Portsmouth and in Naples, while there are two scenes on board H.M.S. "Conquest."

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY WELLS.



"BONNY" OF "BURLESQUE" AS A POWDER-PUFF LADY.

PLAYING OPPOSITE TO MR. NELSON KEYS IN THE QUEEN'S THEATRE SUCCESS: MISS CLAIRE LUCE.

Miss Claire Luce is the beautiful ex-Ziegfeld Folly girl who is playing opposite to Mr. Nelson Keys in "Burlesque," the tragi-comedy of American Road Show life recently produced at the Queen's Theatre. She is not only a notable dancer, but is an actress of considerable emotional power, which she is allowed to display in her rôle of

"Bonny," the leading lady who had to divorce her comedian husband, but could not bear to see him "all shot to pieces," so came back to him in the end. Our delightful photographic study of Miss Luce shows her posed as if she were a dainty china figure seated on one of the popular huge power-puffs.

Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE PATSY," AT THE APOLLO.

POSITIVE: "Peg (o' My Heart)." Comparative: "Paddy (the Next Best Thing)." Superlative: "The Patsy." She is a *perpetuum mobile*, this sweet, 'cute, alert, ingenuous, ingenious little devil, who defies mother, sister—hateful both—is shielded by her much hen-pecked father, does all sorts of wild things which are unconventional and "unlady-like"; she even cheats in a competition, and, thanks to a book of quotations, parades much borrowed wisdom. But we can't help liking her; she knows what's what; she has a head screwed on and a heart screwed in. For years she has adored her unpleasant sister's fiancé, and when that wicked girl, in order to "do better," throws him overboard, Patsy makes up her mind that she will stoop to conquer.

She cunningly confides to the young man that she is in love with another fellow, that she does not know how to win him; can he show her the way? And the young man—a mug, as we all are when a clever woman tries to play ducks and drakes with us—falls into the trap. He will teach her how to court and to capture, and while she listens to his wise precepts—a very funny business!—he, the omniscient teacher, gradually becomes her willing slave, and, before many lessons are over, he himself is "head over ears." This part of the play is charming and amusing. Mr. Barry Connors, like so many American playwrights, has a deft hand, and knows how to make the most of his material. To fill up his three acts he treats us to a not very edifying picture of a commercial traveller's household where the father is a hard-working, over-lorded drudge who at length rebels against the tyranny of his wife and elder daughter. In order to keep this section of the plot alive and bubbling, the author resorts to "back-chat" in that peculiar American lingo which to us sounds like a mysterious foreign language, and often draws a laugh for which we cannot very well account.

But Patsy is the main pivot of the play, and so long as she is on the stage things "hum" and keep our interest alive in her pretty love-story, which turns reality into the idyllic sphere of a fairy-tale. Miss Helen Ford is, from the American point of view, an ideal Patsy. She is dynamic. She seems to have quicksilver in limbs and veins; she literally pants through the part. A little more repose, a little less matter-of-fact assurance would, for us, add to the charm of the character. But there is no gainsaying that this flamboyancy of method, this restless flaring up of bucolic spirits is very effective.

As a tomboy *à la Américaine*, Miss Ford is a past-mistress of craft; and an occasional touch of feeling tells us that, if the producer would let her, she could move us as well as "tickle us to death."

J. T. G.

II.

BERTRAM W. MILLS'S CIRCUS, AT OLYMPIA.

BERTRAM MILLS, the friend of men and of children, of whom hundreds were his enthusiastic guests at the opening performance of the Circus, has once more topped his record. All that is original and daring in the craft of riding and training horses, of the taming of animals, of performing incredible feats of acrobacy, is comprised in his stupendous programme. We came away as if we had spent a lifetime on a merry-go-round. The head was reeling, the mind was blurred by the whirling memories of all that we had seen. But gradually from the pleasant chaos there arose a clearer vision; we began to sift and to review the numbers that had enchanted us most. And I, for one, would give the prize of excellence to the Carmo Horses, exquisitely trained by Captain Ankner, almost human in their instant and silent obedience to a whiplash hint, dancing a

with fountains springing mysteriously from their coils. A feast in sum.

J. T. G.

III.

"THE LAST HOUR," AT THE COMEDY.

HERE'S a seasonable mince-pie for you!

The paste the good old crusty story of foreign spies; this time a Russian Prince and a German doctor forging foul designs in a coastal inn to smuggle out of the country a death-ray machine destined to destroy the world at one fell swoop. The inside a regular little chamber of horrors—as mince-pies can be—but most palatable! Here you have as well-seasoned ingredients: (a) In the flesh a would-be escaped convict, actually a secret service man; a *confrère* of his; a naughty landlord, confederate of the Prince and the doctor; his charming daughter, soon in distress; a super-bumptiously stupid village constable, and a few lesser types to whip the action on. (b) Spice of all sorts—shooting, garrotting, tying-up, browbeating, face-slapping; broad humour, mostly grim; and three explosions of the death-ray machine which, with tremendous scenic effect, blows two people to smithereens and—*fiat justitia*—finally hoists the wicked Prince with his own petard.

That in the first act no one knows exactly what it is all about adds to the mystery of the whole business. For nearly an hour we wallowed in doubt and darkness of mind. It was a little trying, but we forgot it when, in the second act and thenceforward, the Pellions of wicked schemes and practices were piled on the Ossas of the imperturbable sangfroid of the two secret service men. When every few minutes something awesome and terrible happened we were soon in the right *stimmung*, on tenterhooks and expecting of more. Well, we got it, to the fulness of a possible indigestion, and the last scene was a masterpiece of sensational un-

expectedness. How the very young author, Mr. Charles Bennett, must have chuckled when he made up his mind to make us sit up; how jubilant he must have been when he saw that his gruesome fun hit home. Whatever he yet may have to learn, he has the instinct for the kind of drama which André de Lorde calls "the theatre of terror." "The Last Hour" out-Draculas "Dracula." If that is not enough to warrant a box-office success, I don't know what will.

Mr. Franklin Dyall as the Prince, and strikingly made-up *à la Russe*, was an arresting, ominous, sinister figure. An aristocrat he was, too, and his manner was as grand as his machinations were subtly fiendish. On the other hand, Mr. George Bealby as the German doctor, with a strange French accent, was a regular bulldog whose cavernous voice sounded like subterranean rumblings. A great hit was made by Mr. Lawrence Anderson as the supposed escaped convict, and especially by Mr. Cyril Raymond, who at length had a part in which he could show how excellent a character-actor he is.

J. T. G.



MASSENET'S OPERA-PANTOMIME BY PUPPETS: "CINDERELLA"—IN HER COACH
AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

"Cinderella," the first Christmas marionette pantomime to be given in London, was produced on Christmas Eve at the Little Theatre, by the famous Gornos, descendants of Gorno, the founder of marionette performances. This family are said to be the cleverest puppet manipulators in the world, and "Cinderella" is given in great style, with elaborate costumes, and a superb coach, with an Indian coachman and footman.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]

waltz with more elegance than many a couple of mortals; to Lydia Walterstein, magnificently upholding the standard of the *haute école*, which in former years was the pride of all circus dynasties—the Renz, the Carrés, the Rancy, the Henglers; to Con Colleano, "the wizard of the wire," as he is described—a Valentino to behold, but one imbued with Castilian *grandezza*, and somersaulting with such placid sangfroid as if the taut wire were a comfortable spring-board and not the utmost tax on his intrepidity and his sense of equilibrium. There were other feats betokening wondrous endurance and skill: Van Horn and Inez gyrating on roller-skates on a small dinner-table; the Pyketti-Chavalli Troupe capering on trapezes in the dizzy heights of the circus roofs. The dancing bears; the roaring lions of Togare, evidently eager to get even with their dictator if they only could; the gigantic elephant, Aga, baleting about his trainer, Gonza, as if her were a feather clump in a game of battledore and shuttlecock. There were clowns too, rather at a loss to be heard in the arena, and only really funny when besquirting one another



THE TRIAL SCENE: PERKER (J. HUBERT LESLIE) TRIES TO RESTRAIN MR. PICKWICK (CHARLES LAUGHTON) FROM ATTACKING BUZFUZ (BRUCE WINSTON), WITH THE JUDGE (C. D. J. WILLIAMS—CENTRE), AND MRS. BARDELL (MARY CLARE—RIGHT)



THE QUESTION WHICH WAS MISTAKEN FOR A PROPOSAL: MR. PICKWICK (CHARLES LAUGHTON) AND MRS. BARDELL (MARY CLARE).



FATHER AND SON: SAM WELLER (ELIOT MAKEHAM) AND TONY WELLER (BRUCE WINSTON).



IN THE FLEET PRISON: MR. PICKWICK (CHARLES LAUGHTON) MEETS JINGLE (GEORGE CURZON) AGAIN.

MR. PICKWICK ON THE STAGE: DICKENS CHARACTERS AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Mr. Pickwick," the Christmas production at the Haymarket, is a series of scenes and incidents from the life of that famous Dickens character taken from the Pickwick Papers by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton and Mr. Frank C. Reilly, with Mr. Charles Laughton in the name-part. Mr. Pickwick is presented making his unfortunate remark to Mrs. Bardell, the landlady,

and finding himself in court shortly afterwards on a breach-of-promise charge, and later in the Fleet Prison. Such old friends as the Wellers, Jingle, Buzfuz, Augustus Snodgrass, Nathaniel Winkle, and many others are all brought on to the stage, for the cast is a very large one, and consists of some forty persons.

Photographs by Stage Photo, Co.



A LESSON IN THE ART OF FLIRTATION: ANNE (RENÉE KELLY) WATCHES SYBIL (OLIVE SLOANE) AND ANTHONY (PATRICK WADDINGTON), WHILE LARRY (FRANCIS LISTER) WAITS WITH THE CHAMPAGNE.



ANNE IN THE FLAT OF SYBIL THE SIREN: MISS RENÉE KELLY AS THE BOGUS MAID, WITH MISS OLIVE SLOANE AS THE ENTRANCING ACTRESS.



"OH, DO GET ME SOMETHING TO PUT ON": SYBIL (OLIVE SLOANE) AND LORD WESTHAVEN (RICHARD GRAY).



"DON'T MIND ANNE!" SYBIL (OLIVE SLOANE) GIVES LARRY TINDALL (FRANCIS LISTER) A KISS IN FRONT OF HER SUPPOSED MAID.

HOW TO SET YOUR CAP! "THE LOVE-LORN LADY" TAKES LESSONS.

"The Love-Lorn Lady," the new play by Frederick Jackson, recently produced at Wyndham's, is a tract on how to attract; or, at least, that is how it might be described, for Lady Anne Parish, having been jilted by Lord Anthony Carsdale on account of the superior attractions of Sybil Leslie, the actress, takes service with this lady as a maid, in order to discover the secret of her invincible charms. Sybil is an expert in the

delicate art of philandering. She is the candle round which the noble moths flutter, for her admirers include Lord Anthony, Lord Westhaven, and the young Canadian, Larry Tindall. She gives Anne a free exhibition of how to set your cap at a man; but she loses at least one of her admirers through becoming intoxicated and ill-tempered at a supper party, and Larry finds a charming wife in the bogus parlour-maid.



THE WOULD-BE BRIDEGROOM WHO FLEW TO GREYNA GREEN: MR. GEORGE ROBNEY AMONG THE BLACKSMITH BEAUTIES.

George Robey Again! "In Other Words," at the Carlton.



THE DISTRICT NURSE GOES OFF ON HER ROUNDS: MR. GEORGE ROBNEY STARTS ON A PUSH-BIKE.



THE MEETING AT GREYNA GREEN: THE GIRL (MISS MARIE BLANCHE), THE IRATE FATHER (MR. ROBERT LAYTON), AND THE BOY (MR. GEORGE ROBNEY).



THE DAILY CARESS WHICH LED TO CRIME: MR. GEORGE ROBNEY AND MISS MARIE BLANCHE AS THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Mr. George Robey and Miss Marie Blanche are appearing at the Carlton in Mr. Robey's revue, "In Other Words," and are pictured above in some of the numerous scenes from the production. Mr. Robey plays many parts, as he appears as a bridegroom-to-be who flies to Greytna Green and does not succeed in evading the angry father of his bride-to-be; as a District

Nurse, who does the round of her patients on a push-bike, carrying her black bag, and complete with the famous eyebrows; and as an affectionate middle-class husband whose daily caresses to his wife get on her nerves to such a degree that she murders him! He is also seen in other numbers.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



Gossip from the Hunting World.



A "Beaufortshire" Budget.

The week before Christmas was a mixture of good and bad sport and weather. We were kept on tenterhooks by sudden spasms of fog and frost, but Monday was sunlit and "all glorious without." Quite a full and *chic* assemblage mustered at Somerford, recruited partly

hunt, and they covered a lot of country, besides scoring a good six-mile point, all over the most fair and plain-sailing obstacles, mostly walls, but sometimes "growing," the whole field being very much on the ride and in the air. Hard luck on Master and pack that the fox, having gone right out of the draw, just reached an open earth on Horton Banks.

and another from Launde Wood was, however, better than nothing. The Belvoir at Buckminster on Wednesday were not troubled with frost, and what looked like developing into a good run was cut short by the Master being obliged to stop hounds as a protest against flagrant over-riding.

Thursday looked to be an ideal day for



TO MARRY LADY MARY SCOTT ON JANUARY 10: LORD BURGHLEY, OUT WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S.

Lord Burghley, the famous athlete and elder son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, spent Christmas at Bowhill, staying with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, his future father and mother-in-law, and hunted with the Duke's pack.

Photograph by Ian Smith.

because of horses in hand for an "extra" after frost, and partly by reason of recent good sport on the Dauntsey side. Unfortunately, history did not repeat itself. Still, there was a slice of adventure—and misadventure—to a hunt away the Tockenham side of Great Wood, when a certain brooklet came into play. The Jack Gibbises, Mrs. Keith Menzies, the Allfreys and Lowsley-Williamses, Trevor Horns, and a strong contingent of soldiers had all come long ways to this fixture, but though the evening hunt began over the best part of the vale, it was sadly slow and fizzled out.

Tuesday was a sort of ghost-day—phantoms pursuing phantoms. It was sporting of Master to hunt from Cherrington, and we all appreciated his doing so, and knocked quite a bit of fun out of a sortie that involved the Hazelton point-to-point course, and some good wall country to boot. It added to the excitement that it was impossible to tell whether it was a jumpable place or "something awful" in front till one was right on it and for it, unless on a horse that was very easy to pull up short. The contingent, who had a nice hunt on their own, and thought how prettily hounds were running, had a nasty shock when a "check" forced realisation that it was a flock of sheep they were pursuing!

Wednesday from West Littleton was a most pleasant day. Hounds ran just nicely, so that everyone could see and enjoy the

Newman's Scores Again.

Tom Newman scored again on Thursday, even from the unpropitious Bradenstoke meet, which is usually rather "woody," and is therefore unpopular. Hounds got well away on this occasion, however, from the local strongholds, and had a good old ding-dong hound hunt for three solid hours, the first bit very rapid (but hardly anyone saw that), the rest slow, but over good country, and a fine performance, a stiff fox, fairly worked up to, surrendering his brush at the finish beyond Bencroft. Friday was frost-bitten, but a start was made at twelve, from Horton. There was a patch of vale to be "leapt" e'er hounds went upstairs to Chalkley—and later, between Sodbury Common and Lower Woods, entertainment did not lack. The going was very hard in the shade of these fastnesses, and freezing up again in the afternoon, so the chase had to be abandoned.

Saturday was a most disappointing day, as there was nothing wrong with weather or going for once, but we did not strike good foxes. The start was promising, from Sevington Wood, but the Christmas "push" beyond all words, and scent wasn't good enough to shake the crowd off. A disaster occurred at the railway between Surrendell and Cream Gorse, when a bitch—by tragic coincidence, own sister to the one killed on the line near Chipping Sodbury only the week before—was run over by a passing train.



OUT WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S: LADY MARY SCOTT, WHO IS ENGAGED TO LORD BURGHLEY.

Lady Mary Scott, fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, is a keen sportswoman, and hunts regularly with her father's pack, which is hunted by her brother, the Earl of Dalkeith. Her marriage to Lord Burghley is fixed for January 10 at St. Clement Danes Church.—(Photo. by Ian Smith.)

hunting, but the Fernie had changed their meet to Friday, and when that morning arrived, like the Quorn, discovered there was too much frost to make riding safe.

Melton Divided.

The Quorn cancelled their Saturday meet to assemble again at Thimble Hall. At the same moment the Cottesmore were at Stapleford. Melton was thus divided, some going with one pack and some with the other. On this occasion the Cottesmore scored heavily, having a very fine run, whilst the Quorn had only a moderate day. The latter struggled under the difficulties of a very poor scent, whereas the former were able to run fast over a nice line of country.

The explanation of the difference in scent may have been that the Cottesmore country had not been visited by such a severe frost, so that the thaw had taken it all out and the ground was no longer cold. Then the fox from Stapleford was a straight-necked traveller with every intention of making a distant point up-wind. Whissendine, Knossington, and Owston, without finding a covert on the way, embraces some of the best country it is possible to ride over. After leaving Owston village to the left, the fox must have found his

strength failing, and, unable to face the wind any longer, he turned back by Marefield to find a hiding place, in Burrough village. It was a very fine run, and one of the best this season has produced.



THE FITZWILLIAM MEET AT BURGHLEY HOUSE, STAMFORD: THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER, LADY ROMAYNE CECIL.

The Fitzwilliam met recently at Burghley House, Stamford, the seat of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter. Lady Exeter and her younger daughter, Lady Romaine Cecil, were both out. Lord Burghley is Lady Exeter's elder son, and is to marry Lady Mary Scott on January 10.—(Photograph by Express Photos.)

The Cottesmore and Belvoir.

Frost having returned, the Cottesmore found difficulty in hunting on Tuesday, and even a start past midday did not improve matters. A short hunt from Owston Wood



AT A MEET OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S: THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF MINTO, WITH THE LADIES BRIDGET AND WILLA ELLIOT.



THE BADSWORTH MEET AT CARLTON TOWERS: BARONESS BEAUMONT—ON FOOT—CHATTING TO HER SISTER, THE HON. IVY STAPLETON.



THE BICESTER MEET AT OVERTHORPE HALL: MISS VIOLET SELBY-LOWNDES.



THE WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE CRAVEN: THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX, WELL PROTECTED AGAINST WINTER CHILL, WITH FURRY GLOVES AND BOOTS.

FROM YORKSHIRE, THE BORDERS, NORTHANTS, AND BERKS: HUNTING SNAPS.

The Earl and Countess of Minto spent Christmas and the New Year at Minto, their Roxburghshire home. Their elder daughter, Lady Bridget Elliot, was born in 1921, Lady Willa Elliot is three years younger, and the son and heir of the house of Minto, little Lord Meigund, was born in June last.—The Badsworth met recently at Carlton Towers, the seat of Ethel Mary Baroness Beaumont. Her elder daughter, Baroness Beaumont,

is a Peeress in her own right, and is the wife of Lord Howard of Glossop. The Hon. Ivy Stapleton is Baroness Beaumont's younger sister.—The Earl of Essex is the Master of the Craven, which met recently at Kingsclere Workhouse. Lady Essex came to the meet on foot, but was well wrapped up in a leather coat, with a fur collar, and wore fur-lined boots and fur gauntlets.

Photographs by G.P.U., P. and A.P., and C.N.



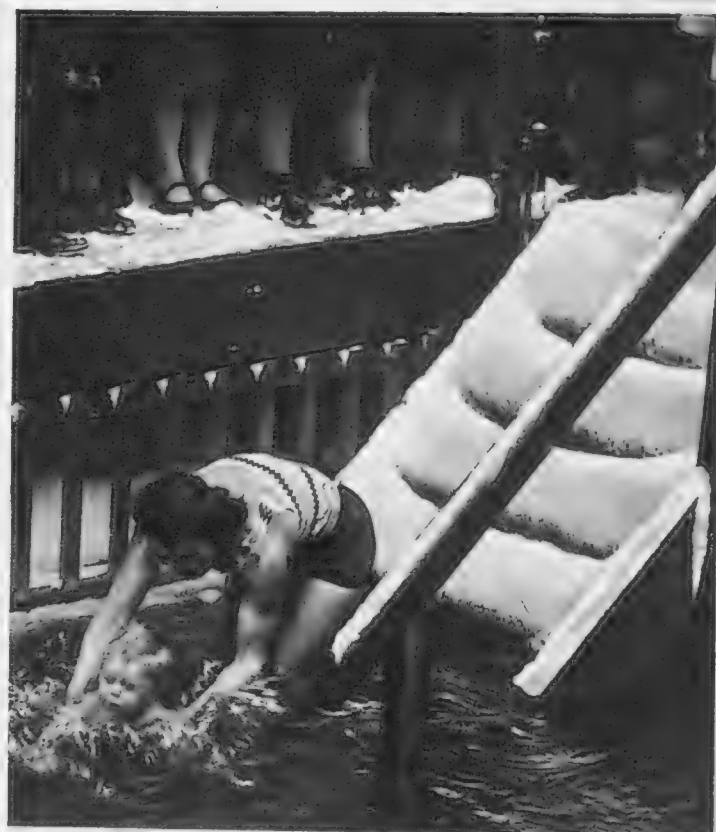
A NEW SPORT FOR 1929: LADY OWNERS LEADING THEIR PIGS OUT OF THE STARTING TRAPS FOR A PIG-TRACK CONTEST AT PINEHURST RACE TRACK, U.S.A.



A FAMOUS MARK TWAIN JEST BROUGHT TO LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO: THE FROG-JUMPING CONTEST, WITH THE WINNER, A WORTHY SUCCESSOR TO "DAN'L WEBSTER," OF CLASSIC FAME (INSET).



THE "DOG WARMERS" WHO SUPPLY COMFORT TO THEIR WORKING MASTERS: HOW THE CUTLERS OF THIERS, IN AUVERGNE, FACE THE WINTER TEMPERATURE.



VIENNESE HYGIENE OF TO-DAY! A STOIC MOTHER GIVING HER TWO-YEAR-OLD CHILD HIS DAILY DIP IN THE DANUBE AT 5 DEGREES BELOW ZERO!

PIG-TRACK; FROG-JUMP; DOG WARMERS; AND A VERY BLUE DANUBE.

Two new sports may be enjoyed in 1929. Pig-track racing has been introduced into American sporting circles, and is said to provide lots of fun, as well as being a possible explanation to the question, "Why is the Bacon so Tough?" A frog-jumping competition was also held in San Francisco, and it was found that a frog from San Joaquin could leap 3 ft. 9 in.—thus outdistancing any of his fifty rivals. The mantle of Mark Twain's famous

frog character, Dan'l Webster, has thus fallen on his slippery shoulders.—The cutlers of Thiers, in Auvergne, may not have central heating in their workshops, but they defeat the cold by canine radiators! Each man's dog lies on his master's back and keeps him warm.—A past generation used to dance to the strains of "The Blue Danube," but Viennese children find it bluer still, as two-year-olds are to be dipped in its chilly stream daily.

Photographs by Scholler, P. and A.P., and T.P.A.



The Literary Lounger. By Alan Kemp.

Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox.

"He who loves hunting, and lives in a country where foxes are plenty, may have a great deal of diversion by Foxhunting." So wrote Arthur Stringer at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and his observation was not as trite as it sounds. For, as Mr. E. D. Cuming points out in the Introduction to his admirably compiled "A Fox-Hunting Anthology," it was not until the eighteenth century—at all events in the south of England—that the fox definitely established his superiority over the hare as the sportsman's ideal quarry. I dare say the hare was not sorry to resign his privilege, nor to confine his sporting instincts to eluding gunshot instead of hounds; and if imitation is flattery, he may enjoy the

such Masters as George Osbaldeston ("The Squire"), the two Smiths, John Musters, and John Warde. Some of these sportsmen were professionals in all except the fact that they lost rather than gained money by their activities—that is to say, their lives were wholly devoted to sport and to nothing else whatever. Chiefly horseflesh, of course, either in the field or on the course—but by no means horseflesh alone. Anybody who wishes to understand how versatile these "all-rounders" could be should read the reminiscences of that astonishing person, Osbaldeston.

Kennel and Saddle.

Mr. Cuming's anthology is of prose only, and in this he is wise, for there are already more than enough anthologies of sporting verse, which, with a few notable exceptions, is not very good verse. He has also been wise in selecting equally from commentary and from fiction. In the

Lastly, if you find that any of your young whelps trust more to his own scent than to the rest of his fellows and so by that means hunteth at least 20 score [paces?] sometimes behind the rest, making his defaults by his own nose and not their own leading, yet hunteth very just and true; in this case you shall by no means overgo or over-ride the whelp, but give him all comfort and encouragement you can, and let him take his own time and leisure, for use and experience will quickly make him skilful, and the skill will soon carry him up among his fellows, where he will soon become a principal leader.

After the introductory puppy-walks, the selections follow, in the main, the chronology of the various writers. For sheer graphic abandon of style, I think "Nimrod" still holds the palm, and his famous *Quarterly* article on "The Quorn in Osbaldeston's Day" gathers rather than loses merit with age. Kingsley's well-known piece, "My Winter Garden," though more self-



WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY FOLK IN A GRAND REVUE: THE COMPANY AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL FIRST NIGHT FOR STAMFORD INFIRMARY.

Our group shows the company who recently produced a grand revue in aid of Stamford Infirmary, and continued their "season" by giving performances in various neighbouring towns to help different charities. The names, from left to right, are: Mr. Maurice Allom, Miss Enid Gabriel, the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther, Miss Sheila Brotherhood, Miss Elizabeth Brotherhood, Mr. E. W. Dawson, Miss Judy Dawson, Miss Madeline Bird, Miss Helen Brotherhood, Mr. Andy Dawson, Miss Joan Lewis, Lady

Winifred Cecil, and Mr. Tommy Crossman. The band are seated on the floor. Lady Winifred Cecil is the elder daughter of the Marquess of Exeter; the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther is the sister-in-law of the Earl of Lonsdale. Mr. E. W. Dawson is the Leicestershire cricket captain, and Mr. Andy Dawson and Miss Judy Dawson are his brother and sister. The three Miss Brotherhoods are daughters of Mr. Brotherhood, of Thornhaugh, Peterborough.

Photograph by Gordon Turnill.

compliment that he has come back, in mechanical form, to delight the masses and to worry the Home Secretary.

The great merit of the hare was that he gave you a run; the fox—mere vermin, a "beast of stinking flight"—was simply a thing to be killed. Birds were made safe from depredation; and, incidentally, the pelt of a fox was good for caps and mittens. Fox-hunting, as it is now understood—with the regular pack instead of the trencher-fed variety—cannot be said to have been inaugurated generally in England until the late seventeenth century. It steadily gained in popularity, largely owing to improvements in the breeding of hounds; and about the middle of the eighteenth century, with the classic Mastership of the Quorn of Hugo Meynell, it entered on its golden age, which was to continue for at last a century under

former, classics like "Nimrod" and "Main-top" were certain of their place, though perhaps there is not as much of "Nimrod" as we might have expected; in fiction, Jorrocks and Soapey Sponge "select themselves," as test team critics say; but it is pleasant to find that the anthologist comes down to as recent writers as Somerville and Ross, and Lady Oxford and Asquith, who certainly deserve a place in this distinguished company. The "early turn" is very properly assigned to the puppies, and there is an excellent symposium of whelplore ranging from the seventeenth century to our own times. There is something particularly engaging in this kind of sportsman's cunning expressed in archaic diction; hear, for example, the dignified but shrewd counsels of Gervaise Markham (1631)—

conscious in style, is a good second. Mr. Cuming's last three chapters—on "Some Famous Masters," "Men and Hounds," "Hunting Characters and Hunting Types," make a compact little cabinet of gems. The illustrations are well selected. A volume which, in any hunting country at this time of year, is blessed to give, and even more blessed to receive.

The Polite Bloodsucker.

The world which gave rise to the healthy, vigorous literature of Mr. Cuming's choice has also, unhappily, given rise to a type of licensed autocrat most faithfully depicted in Miss Edith Olivier's "As Far as Jane's Grandmother's." This is a quiet, accurate study of the gradual and irresistible domination of one type of feminine mind over another. Mrs. Basildon, as Miss

[Continued overleaf.]

Continued.

Olivier shows her, without injustice but without extenuation, is well described by Julian Chaldeote as "a vampire, but rather a fine old woman." They are really dreadful portents, these fine old vampires, and it is no misfortune that their day is past. Fed all their lives on a deference quite out of proportion to their merits, arbitrary and intolerant in their judgments, invincible in their prejudices, ever presuming on quite unreal prerogatives of age and sex: making the "rather fine" elegance of style, form, poise the subtle instrument of selfish pride, they impose themselves, as of right, on the wills of others, especially the young, on the pretext of "acting only for your good."

This is what happens to Miss Olivier's Jane Langdale. Her mother's marriage to an artist was never forgiven by her grandmother, Mrs. Basildon; and, when she is left an orphan, she is carried off, unasked and unresisting, to Mountsorrel to be steeped in the Basildon tradition. She becomes a passive instrument of her grandmother's will and ideas, and finds a certain numbed contentment in passivity: she "was far happier among things that did not happen than she was with those that did." Only two types people her world—"the people Mrs. Basildon knew and the people she didn't." She is quite unaware of the insidiousness of the hypnotic process, believing that she admires, consents, and imitates of her own free choice. "I agreed with Grandmama. I always found she was right." It is here that Miss Olivier has shown particular penetration in gauging the subtle, essential strength of Basildonian vampishness.

Left Behind.

Enter Julian Chaldeote. Love, romance, the prospect of marriage. But Julian is not one of the people Grandmama knows; he is "airified, and artistic, and a Socialist"—he even has some connection, slender but sufficiently disqualifying, with the stage. In short, he has opinions of his own, and that is not tolerated in Mrs. Basildon's world. Love's young dream just fades away; it is not even necessary for Grandmama to dispel it by direct action: her mere presence and influence are enough to kill it. The war comes, and Jane has a new lease of life in "Depot" activities; but when that phase is over she is conscious that some indefinable change, to which she cannot accommodate herself, has come over her world. She belongs to Mrs. Basildon's generation, and Mrs. Basildon's generation has been left behind. The Mountsorrel tradition is all out of key. She passes through a religious stage and determines to enter a sisterhood; but Grandmama has very decided views about "teaching God his duty." God has called Jane to a certain station in life—namely, the Basildon

estates—and nothing can alter that. Jane is duly called to that station when Mrs. Basildon has her stroke; and now, it would seem, she has at last found independence and selfhood. She becomes active, efficient, almost masterful. But it is not herself she has found—only a reincarnation of Grandmama. She is still hopelessly out of the race. This is finally borne in upon her when she again meets Julian after seventeen years: he is now a widower with growing children. There is a false reawakening of romance; but a trivial little incident of mixed bathing shows them both how irreconcilably far they have grown apart. Jane goes back to Mountsorrel to carry on the Basildon dynasty to its foredoomed end.

It is an excellent, sincere study of character and of a certain phase of English life, and it shows much greater firmness of treatment

Miss Sayers's more gruesome ideas: at the top of the form I put the delicate notion of electroplating your victim's corpse. Nobody is forgotten: the cross-word addict will find Uncle Meleager's will explained by a puzzle which I take to be very ingenious; but, not being a cross-word addict, I can't be sure. There is a ground-plan on page 106 for the topographical fiend; in one story we get hidden treasure; and on page 215 the title-page of an old book invites and challenges the bibliophile. The only thing I missed was a secret passage. These stories abound in really neat ideas, some of them the neater for being entirely probable. What an excellent method, for example, Lord Peter Wimsey has of biting the biter, or, if you like, blighting the blighter! You can't have the law of him—a delicate matter, too much publicity: very well, blackmail him! When he is playing a perfectly straight game of poker in the club card-room, pass a joker up his sleeve by a little sleight-of-hand! That will bring him to reason and make him disgorge those incriminating letters! How simple, but how shrewd, the deduction by which Lord Peter catches out the Frenchman posing as a Frenchwoman!

In France, every male child is brought up to use masculine adjectives about himself. He says: *Que je suis beau!* But a little girl has it rammed home to her that she is female; she must say: *Que je suis belle!* It must make it beastly hard to be a female impersonator. When I am at a station and I hear an excited young woman say to her companion, "*Me prends-tu pour un imbécile!*"—the masculine article arouses curiosity."

The mammalian blood-corpuscles on the meat-skewer were another pleasant little conceit. Things come to a

fine, breathless climax with Lord Peter's adventures in the midst of the great Crook Organisation. The only thing I regretted about that final story was that it had not been made into a complete book. But that is mere greed.

Take Your Choice.

Mr. J. J. Connington, in a less fantastic vein than Miss Sayers, brings stern and somewhat affrighting mathematical and chemical elements to his "Case with Nine Solutions." The facts are these: In a certain house, otherwise deserted at that particular time, lies a young man mortally shot through the lung. In a bungalow some distance away lies, or rather sits, a woman shot through the head. The bullet, you

(Continued on page vi.)

- A Fox-Hunting Anthology. By E. D. Cuming. (Cassell; 21s.)
As Far as Jane's Grandmother's. By Edith Olivier. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
Lord Peter Views the Body. By Dorothy Sayers. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Case with the Nine Solutions. By J. J. Connington. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
'Ere! By Wish Wynne. (Skeffington; 3s. 6d.)



INCLUDING SOME CANDIDATES FOR WESTMINSTER: YOUNG POLITICIANS AT THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION BALL.

The Liberal Women's National Federation held their annual ball at Claridge's just before Christmas. Our group shows some of the dancers, and includes Miss Megan Lloyd George (centre, in white), Miss Josephs, the Hon. Margaret Sinclair, the Hon. Sylvia Norton, the Hon. Patrick Norton, Mr. Philip Samuel, Miss Margaret Harvey, Mr. Aubrey Herbert, Miss Swinburne, Mr. S. Cope Morgan, Mr. Bernays (a candidate), Miss Bernays, Mr. Wilfrid Fordham (a candidate), Mrs. Horne Peel, Miss Helen Schilizze (a candidate), Mr. Richard Acland (a candidate), Mr. Andy MacLean, Mrs. Fred. Stern, and Miss Fielden.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

than the author's previous fantasy, "The Love Child," promising though that was. Mrs. Basildon and Jane are real creations. It is a pleasure to read a style as restrained and unalloyed as this. The volume is charmingly produced.

Lord Peter the Great.

If winter comes—and by the feel of my feet as I pen these lines it seems to have done so—there is nothing like the well-built detective yarn to accompany the big fire, the big pipe, and the big chair. Miss Dorothy Sayers's "Lord Peter Views the Body" is calculated to bring warmth and wakefulness to the chilliest evening. Mistress of every trick of technique in this now elaborate art, Miss Sayers has a little tit-bit for every kind of criminological taste. Her titles alone cunningly whet the appetite. "Abominable History," "Fascinating Problem," "Fantastic Horror," "Undignified Melodrama"—no lack of variety; and for a good "scare" title, I fancy that "The Piscatorial Farce of the Stolen Stomach" holds the world's record. So do some of

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Continued.]

wouldn't do for them to have too much or his persecution would seem intolerable. That was just where it *wasn't* simple. And he'd only got 4000 words. Well, his technique for compression had always been pretty good.

He might make Tonks rather a "Red"—magazine readers hated "Reds" worse than murderers—there were more of 'em. Yes, then he'd break straight into the story with Tonks entering Boss's office; latter with malignant sarcasm tells Tonks he's been found out and informs him that his subversive activities directed against the innocent *rentiers* have long been known to him. Well, as he has so much sympathy with work-dodgers and dole-snatchers, he could join their ranks. Then Tonks picks up poker. (And so would I, and so would any Tonks.) Just before that I should make the Boss boast that he always gets his own back (with a bit of someone else's sticking to it) and bang his hand on the table. Then Tonks should notice for the first time that his fingers were eccentric. (Stigma of exploiter, thinks Tonks plinthly.)

Tonks should be a small, beady-eyed chap, big head, tiny body, under-nourished in youth. A meazly sort of "Mr. Polly," extremely proud of his family because he believes they "take after him."

Mrs. Tonks should be competent, rather hefty; a natural mistruster of all "isms" and "assms," who, when her temper fails, reads out *Daily Mail* leaders on Russia to Tonks after supper. (I mustn't get too interested in and waste words on her. I'll keep her a conventional type.) Tonks's brats are only "heard off." But how shall they die? A Red Hand at night. . . Convulsions all right. Better make it A Strange Malady—combination of croup and colic. Well, they all fade out from the same stuff; so I've only got to slay one to slay the quiver-full. Let it be "A Strange Malady."

I think a little morbid psychology can be connected with the first appearance of that hand when Tonks is opening his front door. He should always feel less remorse when he gets home: when he sees his wife and family he should feel it had been ethically expedient that one boss should have died for the little people. All the more unlovely when he finds the hand becoming a member of the family. One other point. Though he tries to pretend to himself it is simply an illusion, he wastes—for he knows in his heart of hearts it *would* be waste—no money on nerve specialists.

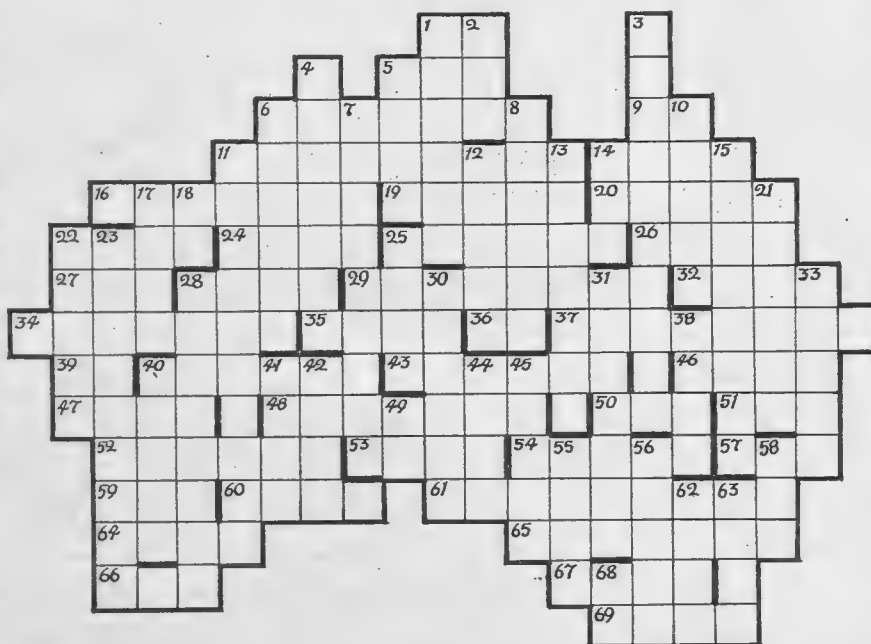
He was already beginning to get the series of pictures sharply "seen" and fitted into their proper sequence. The horror that was Tonks's was coming to be his too. That meant he'd make a story of it. It wouldn't be one of his best. It was rather a conventional idea—rather too much in the tradition. His best plots had always derived from some highly fantastic yet plausible psychic paradox, which

it was the peculiar property of his mind to procreate. What a vicious tendency to alliteration lay in wait for him, and always had done! Yet somehow as the rhyme often authoritatively dictated the sense, so alliteration sometimes tightened the pressure of an aphorism, or any brand of dogmatic, squeezed generalisation.

Irritating though it was, this weakness usually meant he was in a mood to write. How he hated to begin; for once he began he had to finish, and the labour and irritation that was before him! He knew it! The strain was greater in his case because he was a house divided against itself, that aloof contempt for what he wrote about elbowing that infatuate delight with how he wrote it.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

FOR the present we have decided to discontinue the giving of a prize for our cross-Word Puzzles, but the puzzles will be given each week for the amusement of readers who like to find the solution.



A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE: "AUSTRALIA."

ACROSS.

1. Manuscript.
5. Gentle reader.
6. French river.
9. With 49 Down spells comfort.
11. All this is.
14. Hence sugar.
16. A curse here.
19. Always carry one hereabouts (revd.).
20. A soldier from 11 Across.
22. With 34 Across, an Australian gulf.
24. Burden.
25. Half of a "laissez-aller" policy.
26. Father.
27. A candid one asks for your vote.
28. Title Uncle Remus gave 16 Across.
29. A capital in 11 Across (anag.).
32. Not a horse.
34. See 22 Across.
35. A musical instrument (reversed).
36. Live backwards.
37. The 20 Across force proved itself to be so.
39. What the flocks say.
40. 20 Across's nickname.
43. Written on the this of fame.
46. They charge with it.
47. More frequent in cross-words than in 11 Across.
48. Marsupial common here.
50. This makes the gist of 45 Down into a drink.
51. Popular drink.
52. South of this (anag.).
53. Fat (reversed).
54. Commenced (revd.).
57. Evil.
59. See 22 Down.
60. Two a day here (anag.).
61. Town south of this.
64. Once wielded by ladies (anag.).
65. A shore vegetable (reversed).
66. A soldier (abbr.).
67. Lake in 11 Across.
69. Native prima donna with one note missing.

DOWN.

1. A 20 Across general.
2. Mighty strong here.
3. All this is.
4. It's better round about figure 62.
5. Cape in 11 Across.
6. And this is N.E. of it.
7. And this runs just north of it (revd.).
8. The bushman carries it (reversed).
10. Kind of corn grown here (anag.).
11. Their numbers are decreasing steadily here.
12. Ugly in France.
13. Lucerne (revd.).
14. 22 Across is one.
15. Town W. of 61 Across (reversed).
17. That of this is three million square miles.
18. Every scout knows these initials.
21. This sort of produce grows here.
22. With 59 Across, the new capital.
23. With another "r," it's a famous river in 11 Across (revd.).
25. Declares.
28. A capital in 11 Across.
30. Biceps (reversed).
31. A 14 Down in South Africa.
33. Thick (reversed).
38. 51 Across, in fact (reversed).
40. Swindle (reversed).
41. There was a rush for it at 15 Down.
42. At the printer's (reversed).
44. A feint is one.
45. The answer's one here (anag.).
49. Compass point.
55. So 's the sky (anag.).
56. Favourite game here (mis-spelt).
58. Lies W. of this (reversed).
62. British King (revd.).
63. A "has—" (reversed).
68. Possessive pronoun (reversed).

took up his pen and at once his face took on an expression of extreme concentration. Pictures were coming to him, he was seizing them and transforming them into words. The clock ticked softly, his pen scratched lightly. . . . As it struck four he laid his pen down and read through what he had written, making slight alterations here and there. And then he leaned back in his chair and shook his hand from the wrist, for it was numb and yet aching. A smile of sardonic satisfaction replaced his look of concentration.

"Cheap at four hundred quid," he said to himself. "Just the stuff to give the mugs," and yet it had given him in spots that curious, chill flicker between the shoulder-blades. When he got that he knew he'd "clicked." He would think of little else for a week, and then re-write it. He had a conscience; in his dirty little way he was an artist. But never would he write another.

Hullo! there was that infernal pain in his heart again. His own fault for disobeying that specialist. That damned angina! It took some guts to face even the possibility of such pain. Must it come! He was already beginning to sweat and lose his head a little. By God, that was a wicked twinge! Was there anything in the world so awful? He'd smoked too much, worked too long at a stretch. What a fool! God! that one seemed to rend and slash him, and how it brought with it the fear of death! He must wait for a pause and get his tabloids. He rallied himself, and putting his hands to his heart, stared down once more at the blotting-pad. That red hand was there again! That just showed how he'd been concentrating. It would fade away, of course. Now the pain was better. He turned his head towards the little table on which were a tangle and syphon and that blessed little tube, and started to get up. But the red hand swung round with his eyes and settled itself on the little table, the sharpest illusion he'd ever known. And then it seemed to Mr. Rhode that the fingers moved—clenched a little. He thrust his head forward and stared at it, and then the pain came lashing back. He staggered to his feet and as he did so the hand seemed to slide forward and close over the little phial. And then Mr. Rhode flung himself forward in his agony and tried to tear away that hand, and then the room went black, and he pitched forward, recovered himself for a moment and then swung on his heel and toppled over to the floor. And as he fell his forehead caught the edge of the little table and as

his head jerked back, the little phial slid from the table to the floor by his side.

And presently the clock striking the half-hour, broke the silence. [THE END.]



Britain's Golf Gladiators.

By R. Endersby Howard.



Financial Influence.

It is hoped to develop the team spirit among the British players chosen for the match against the United States at Moortown, Leeds, on April 26 and 27, by sending them away as a party for a week or two prior to the event, so that they may practise together and help one another. This will require money, and the trouble is that nobody knows how the necessary cash is going to be raised. The Americans have no such problem. A sum of about £3000 has already been subscribed for their trip by a wealthy golfing public, and it looks like being doubled before the time

in the two team matches so far played against America. He beat Hagen by 6 and 5 at Wentworth three years ago, and J. Turnesa by one hole at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1927.

An Englishman in Germany.

Ernest Whitcombe and Fred Robson have every claim to be included in the team. They have been consistently in the forefront of British golf for season after season, and Robson is the unluckiest man I know in not having won any event of importance. The big problem arises when the eighth man comes to be considered. I wonder whether Percy Allis, who has been attached for the last few years to the Wannsee Club, at Berlin, is still regarded as a player qualified to represent Britain? If so, I suppose he ought to be picked. At any rate, he has not changed his nationality, and whenever he appears in a first-class tournament, he shows that he has lost none of his ability during his sojourn in Germany. Allis tied with Robson for fourth place in last year's open championship. They finished six strokes behind Hagen.

Few—but Enough?

It has frankly to be confessed that there are not many alternative choices. One is H. C. Jolly, a fine player who stands up to the ball in the manner of a true champion, and hits it with a swing as rhythmic as any I have seen. The reason that Jolly has not done all that he looks cut out to do is that he misses a lot of very holeable putts. If only he could master this weakness, he would penetrate from the fringe of first-class form to the centre of it. Another player to be considered is Fred Taggart, who is easily the most promising of the younger professionals in the north of England. His possibilities are great, and it might be a wise plan to include one or two members of the rising generation in place of men with higher reputations who have become so injured to defeat by America that they are apt to be more or less resigned to it before they

start. It would be idle to pretend that Britain has the same resources as the United States in professional golfing skill. However, only eight players are needed for the next international test, and there is a commendable faith that we have eight good enough to stand a chance of winning, especially with the advantage of home environment. It will make a lot of difference if arrangements can be completed for the cultivation of the team spirit by organising the elect into a party for a fortnight before the affair.

A Leading Question.

I cannot remember any period when form in British professional golf has been so much in the nature of a tangled skein as during the past year. Who is to be regarded as our best player? Of one thing I feel tolerably certain. It is that the distinction belongs either to C. A. Whitcombe or Archie Compston or Abe Mitchell or T. H. Cotton, which is a situation that at least affords plenty of scope for individual fancy. There is a rare opportunity now for some club with the old-fashioned spirit that gloried in encouraging the professionals in needle-sharp rivalry to arrange a tournament among these four players on the league principle—each one to meet the other three in turn in matches over thirty-six holes. I suppose it would be very pompous and gladiatorial, but it would at least help to settle a problem and stimulate a healthy interest in the activities of the community whose work it is to set the standard of skill for amateurs. At present that interest is sagging perceptibly for the want of a lead, and—still more important—a leader who will fire the public imagination as Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, and James Braid did in their respective seasons of supremacy.

The Team Spirit.

There is additional need for incentive in view of the fact that America has already chosen her players who are to visit this country in April to oppose the elect of the British professionals in the team match for the Ryder Cup. It is an opportunity which our men are desperately anxious to seize. They think they can check the long sequence of American triumphs on the links. That optimism is worth encouraging. Already they are planning to organise a party so that they can practise together as a side for a week or two prior to the contest. And I really believe it is team-work which constitutes the corner-stone of that efficiency which now distinguishes the United States players in competitions for individual honours as well as in pitched battles. I drove back from Sandwich to London with Gene Sarazen on the evening of that day last May when he just failed to overhaul Walter Hagen in the last round of the open championship. He had come over solely for that event, and was returning on the following morning. "I'm sorry I didn't win," he said, "but I wasn't worrying a bit in that final round, because I knew that, in any case, Walter had the title all right for America."



INCLUDING THE FOUNDER AND THE "PRO": PERSONALITIES OF HINDHEAD GOLF CLUB CARICATURED.

Hindhead is one of the most beautiful and popular of the golf clubs near London. It is situated amid beautiful scenery, with dense bracken, heather, and gorse among its attractions, for the course lies many hundreds of feet above sea-level in that part of the country sometimes called the "Surrey Highlands" on account of its resemblance to Scotland. The club was founded in 1904 on Lord Ashcombe's land, and the course was laid out by J. H. Taylor. The founder, Mr. Edward Turle, was its secretary for nineteen years—an office now held by Captain G. A. White.—[Drawn by H. F. Crouther-Smith.]

of departure. The selection of the British side ought not to be difficult. Charles Whitcombe, Compston, Mitchell, and Cotton are obvious choices. That leaves only four places to fill. It is believed that George Duncan will be appointed captain. He may not have had one of his best years in 1928, but he is certainly a man who can inspire a company with conceptions of victory and, in desperate situations, think out remedies for defects—remedies which have a way of succeeding by virtue of sheer daring. Moreover, he is the only British professional who has won both his singles

Morning and Afternoon Modes.



There is a new fashion in sports clothes for the coming season, as you see by the unfamiliar bloused jumper in the attractive ensemble at the top. It is carried out in Cumberland suiting and stockinette, and can be secured for the surprisingly moderate sum of 8½ gns. during the present sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. On the left is a charming afternoon frock, a model of Martial and Armand, to be found at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. It is of reversible satin beauté, with jabot and frills of lace. The beautiful fur coat comes from Ludin, of 16, Hanover Street, W., and is expressed in Persian lamb with natural Kamchatka red fox.

PHOTOS: PETER NORTH.

Woman's Ways

By Mabel Howard

In the Midst of the Sales.

There is but one topic of conversation at the moment engrossing every woman—the Sales. The majority have already begun, and there are still some to which the seasoned bargain-hunter can look forward. One of these is Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W., which begins on Jan. 7 and lasts for a fortnight. Parisian models in every department will be offered at practically half price. In the model gown department there will be twenty-five dresses, originally from 10½ guineas to 18 guineas, offered at 7½ guineas; and jumper suits which were 8½ or 12½ guineas will be cleared at 98s. 6d. In the coat and skirt salon, there are spring suits in various materials offered at 6½ guineas; and three-piece ensembles, with cardigan, jumper, and skirt, in Cumberland suitings are 8½ guineas. Downstairs, in the sphere of knitted fashions, model milanese dresses, formerly 19½ guineas, will be disposed of at 12½ guineas, and three-piece stockinette suits in the latest designs are 6½ guineas. There are tinsel and wool cardigans at 1 guinea, and jumpers galore at the same price. Distinctive tea-gowns, originally costing from 25½ to 45½ guineas, have all been reduced to 18½ guineas, and there are any number of charming little tea-frocks available for 59s. 6d. Two-piece affairs with sleeveless chiffon frocks and long-sleeved coats of georgette are £6 19s. 6d.

For Six Days Only.

Monday, Jan. 7, is an important day which must be marked in the calendar, for it is also the opening of the sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., which lasts only for six days, remnant day being Friday, Jan. 11. Amongst the coats there is one in chrome leather lined with check woollen material and boasting a nutria lamb collar, available for £6; and tweed coats in browns and fawns with fur shawl collars and cuffs, are £5. Spring coats and skirts in tweeds and



A smart little sports ensemble in woollen jersey in black and vivid yellow—one of the bargains in the present sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.



A perfectly fitting coat and skirt for the spring in fine herring-bone suiting, included in the sale at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.



A distinctive sports suit, very well cut and tailored, to be found in the January sale at Woollands.

many smart models for the spring to be found at bargain prices. For instance, sketched below are two tailored suits, one, offered at £5, in fine herring-bone suiting, and the other at 69s. 6d., made with the fashionable cardigan coat, both ideal for the spring. Then there are chrome leather coats with warm wool linings reduced from 7½ guineas to 5½ guineas. The favourite and indispensable bridge coats include one in oxidised gold or silver brocade with fur collar and cuffs marked down to 69s. 6d., and a dancing coatee in silver, gold, or black sequins at 3½ guineas. A useful indoor coatee of black embossed ninon velour, with a collar of beige or grey fur, is 98s. 6d. Gloves of nine, twelve, and sixteen button length suède, usually 13s. 9d., are reduced to 6s. 11d. a pair, mostly in tan or drab shades; and there are pull-on washable suède ones in various colours reduced to 5s. 11d. A catalogue giving hundreds of other useful bargains will be sent gratis and post free on request.

Bargains in Frocks and Linen.

From Robinson and Cleaver's, whose sale continues throughout this month, comes the trim, attractive knitted ensemble pictured at the top of this page, carried out in black and bright yellow woollen jersey. The sale price is 52s. 9d., or 59s. 11d. outsize. This firm have specialised for many seasons now in particularly attractive jumper suits and stockinette ensembles, and these are all reduced in price to make way for the new season's fashions. In the lingerie department there are delightful pure silk pyjamas decorated with appliquéd patterns in various colours available for the modest sum of 16s. 11d.; and spun silk nighties embroidered and piped with various colours are 14s. 11d. Pretty crepon pyjamas with flowered tops and plain trousers can be secured for 6s. 11d. the pair, and cami-knickers in cambric trimmed with lace are only 2s. 11d. in many attractive colourings.

The great sale at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., continues throughout the month, and there are very

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED.

ADVANCE IN PROFITS. CIRCULATIONS WELL MAINTAINED. INCREASED REVENUE FROM ADVERTISEMENTS. UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM. MR. WILLIAM HARRISON'S VIEWS.

THE SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, was held on Friday, Dec. 21, 1928, at Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C. Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON, LL.B. (the Chairman), presided. The SECRETARY (Mr. W. C. Nisbett) read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors was also read.

The CHAIRMAN said: Ladies and gentlemen,—I beg to submit to you the accounts for the year, with the directors' report, and, following the usual practice, I propose to take them as read. I would, however, like to deal in some detail with the accounts. If you will turn to the directors' report, you will see that the profit for the year ended Nov. 30 amounts to £268,883 18s. 3d., and adding the amount brought forward from last year of £19,575 6s. we get a total of £288,459 4s. 3d. From this sum have to be deducted £18,000 for Debenture stock interest, and £4,150 for directors' fees, amounting together to £22,150, leaving a balance available for distribution, subject to income-tax, of £266,309 4s. 3d. The provision for income-tax amounts to £47,318 6s. 1d., leaving a net balance of £218,990 18s. 2d. I should just like to interpose here, as one employing or responsible for the employment of vast numbers of men in industry, to stress the point about income-tax. The sooner we get that down the better it will be for industry in this country. Dividends on the Preference shares for the year, less income-tax, absorb £100,792 16s. 2d., leaving available for distribution among the Ordinary shareholders £118,198 2s. after income-tax has been provided for.

THE DIVIDEND.

We propose this year to apply this available balance in this way: to wipe out the remainder of the preliminary expenses, amounting to £21,243 6s. 1d., and to pay a dividend for the year of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, less income-tax, absorbing £89,600, so that the sum required to write off the balance of the preliminary expenses and to meet the Ordinary dividend, less tax, is £110,843 6s. 1d., leaving to be carried forward to next year £7,354 15s. 11d.

Now, it would not be amiss at this stage to compare for a moment or two the results of 1928 with those of the period presented to you last year, covering some seventeen months. If you will look at last year's balance-sheet you will find that the profit for the seventeen months ended Nov. 30, 1928, amounted to £355,940 1s. 5d., so that taking an arithmetical sum we arrive at a twelve months' figure of £251,000, or thereabouts, as the profits for twelve months last year. The profits for the year, therefore, we are now reviewing are some £17,000 up. This year, to meet the request of many shareholders, we decided as a board to bring into line our subsidiary company, *The Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited, so far as their accounting period is concerned, and you have all had sent to you, or should have had sent to you, the directors' report and balance-sheet of that subsidiary company for the eleven months ended Nov. 30 last. I will deal with that particular subsidiary in a moment or two. I would, however, stress this point, that the profits of *The Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited, in which we hold some 95 per cent. of both classes of shares—that is, the Preference and Ordinary—are about the same for eleven months this year as for twelve months last year, and no portion of those profits—the amount that we will get, at any rate, £62,000, being our 95 per cent.—is included in these accounts. We prefer to keep it as a nest-egg. We will get that dividend from our subsidiary to-morrow, and it amounts to this, that practically one-half of next year's Preference dividend will be in our till to-morrow morning from that subsidiary, and we do not encroach upon it so far as the Ordinary dividend of 8 per cent. is concerned. (Hear, hear.)

BALANCE-SHEET FIGURES.

Now, coming back to the balance-sheet of the parent company—Illustrated Newspapers, Limited—it calls for little comment when compared with last year's. We find that the stocks—we are not carrying very big stocks—are approximately the same—some £14,000 or £15,000; that our debtors in the year under review are £201,000, against £229,000 last year; and that the cash at bank and in hand this year at the end of November is £135,000 approximately, as against £139,000 last year. The sundry creditors and credit balances this year are £141,859, as against £134,000 last year. The greater part—at any rate, £50,000 or £60,000—of the sundry creditors in both last year's and this year's accounts consist of income-tax.

Coming now to the *Illustrated London News and Sketch*, whose report you have all had, the position there is extremely satisfactory. We find, as I have already told you, that our profits for the eleven months this year are practically the same as for twelve months last year, and if you will refer to the balance-sheet of that company I am sure you will agree with me that it is in a very satisfactory state indeed. The result is that, so far as *The Illustrated London News and Sketch* is concerned, we find ourselves in a position to increase the Preference dividend, which is a participating one—as to dividend only, I think—from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent., and the Ordinary dividend of *The Illustrated London News and Sketch* is increased from 29½ per cent. to 45½ per cent. this year.

THE SCOURGE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

Speaking of the business in general, might I say that the circulations of all our papers have been well maintained, and, what is more important still, our advertisement revenue has increased. But to-day, ladies and gentlemen, there is one topic that I would just like to touch upon so far as this company is concerned, and it affects all companies—not only those working newspapers, but all great industrial companies—and that is the scourge of unemployment in this land. Until we get some permanent, lasting cure for this state of affairs in this country, which has lasted far too long already, we cannot look for any great improvement in the trade of the country. I have advocated on many occasions recently—I am not going to make a political speech, I can assure you—that the only way of dealing with this great problem, which is at the root of all our troubles, is for the Prime Minister of the day to set up an industrial body of those at the head of big industries and those responsible for the great unions, and to have an inquiry conducted by them outside the pale of party politics, so that these men, having evidence before them, will be able to judge and give a report to the nation of their stewardship and say what, in the interests of this land, should be done—putting politics on one side for all time so far as unemployment is concerned—to make this land the prosperous land industrially that it is entitled to be. (Hear, hear.)

PROSPERITY OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

I wonder how many of you have read during the last three or four weeks the official report on the prosperity of France, a country with a debased currency, and even this morning in the *Times* the unparalleled prosperity at the present moment of Germany, the land of the vanquished, and yet this week, in this very City, the Prime Minister of this country is appealing to the nation to dole out charity to miners in their present tragic state. I am taking this opportunity to-day to plead with the powers that be to obliterate from the pale of party politics questions such as this. Industry should come first in this country and politics last. (Cheers.)

FUTURE OF ADVERTISING.

Dealing now with the advertising side, I would just like to say this. You are probably not aware that your company is engaged in a highly competitive business, and profitable results can only accrue to us so long as we give our readers publications of the present high quality, and so long as we are able to make, what is more important, a profitable return to those advertisers who use our pages as their medium. Advertising has become a scientific business, and expenditures are planned with the greatest possible care by those skilled persons, the advertisers, and it is satisfactory to note that the revenue from advertising shows a steady increase. There is little question that the use of advertising in the future is bound to increase, and that

our papers will retain the present volume of their advertising and get their fair share of the new expenditures that arise.

During the course of the year we have moved to our new premises at Inveresk House, and I feel confident that the staff which is now working under such hygienic conditions will be able to give you far better work in those surroundings than in the old buildings they used in the past. Last year I told you that we had spent during the year a considerable sum of money in developing the *Graphic*, which is a fine old paper, and I am pleased to say—and I say it to the credit of the editor, Mr. Alan Bott—that that development expenditure has already borne fruit, and I look to its bearing greater fruit in the coming year.

TRIBUTE TO MANAGING DIRECTOR, EDITORS, AND STAFF.

In conclusion, may I pay my tribute to the managing director, General Campbell, and the editors—who are also directors with us—Mr. Huskinson, Mr. Bruce Ingram, Mr. Maddick, and Mr. Stowell, the working directors—for the work which they have done during the year under review? Last, but not least, I should like to express my appreciation and thanks—and I am sure the appreciation and thanks of all of you—to the staff in general, through whose united efforts we have been able to obtain the results which are now before you in respect of the past year.

I beg to move that the directors' report and balance-sheet be adopted, and will ask some shareholder to second the motion.

Mr. PASFIELD seconded the motion, and, the CHAIRMAN having replied to shareholders' questions, it was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors (Mr. G. J. Maddick, Mr. E. Huskinson, and Mr. H. J. Stowell) were re-elected, and the auditors (Messrs. Layton, Bennett, Chiene and Tait, and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co.) were reappointed.

The CHAIRMAN announced that the dividend warrants would be posted that night, and a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff concluded the proceedings.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH.

IMPROVED POSITION. HEALTHY AND SATISFACTORY BALANCE-SHEET.

THE THIRTIETH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the *Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited, was held on Friday, Dec. 21, 1928, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London.

Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON, LL.B. (Chairman of the company), presided.

The SECRETARY (Mr. John D. George) having read the notice convening the meeting, and the REPRESENTATIVE of the AUDITORS having read their certificate,

The CHAIRMAN said: Ladies and gentlemen,—I do not propose to detain you very long, because I have just dealt with the directors' report and the balance-sheet of your company at the meeting just ended of the *Illustrated Newspapers*, Limited, the parent company. It might be as well, however, if I shortly review the work for the eleven months ended Nov. 30 last. We are dealing here with an eleven-months' account as against the twelve months' account heretofore, and we have made this change for this reason. The financial year of the controlling company, the *Illustrated Newspapers*, Limited, ends on Nov. 30, and as that company holds some 94 per cent. or 95 per cent. of the total Preference share capital of the *Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited, and a similar percentage of the Ordinary share capital, we thought it a good thing that our shareholders in the *Illustrated Newspapers*, Limited, should be able to receive a balance-sheet of your company made up to the same date as their own, in order that they might get a true perspective of the results not only of the parent company, but of the main subsidiary company during the year.

TRADING PROFIT AND DIVIDEND.

You will see from the report of the directors that the result of the eleven months' working shows a trading profit of £76,141 18s. 7d., as against £76,172 17s. 5d. for the complete period of the twelve months of last year. The profit for the eleven months of this year is, therefore, within £30 of last year's profit for a complete twelve months. This is extremely satisfactory. You have a profit, as I have said, of £76,141 18s. 7d. on the eleven months. Interest on Debenture stock takes £8,273 9s. 4d., directors' remuneration £962 10s., and there is a balance carried to the balance-sheet of £66,905 9s. 3d. With the sum of £14,515 6s. 7d. brought forward from last year, we find ourselves with a sum of £81,421 5s. 10d. to deal with, and your directors propose to deal with this sum in the following manner: The payment of a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, as against 7 per cent. last year, on the Participating Preference shares for the eleven months ended Nov. 30, 1928, which will absorb £27,500; the payment of a dividend at the rate of 45½ per cent. per annum as against 29½ per cent. last year, on the Ordinary shares for the eleven months, which will absorb £39,101 11s. 3d.; and to carry forward £14,819 14s. 7d.

COMPARISON OF ACCOUNTS.

I would now like to go with you through the figures of the balance-sheet, even though you as outside shareholders are only left with an interest of about 5 per cent. in the company. The balance-sheet, I would say at once, is an extremely healthy and satisfactory one. As compared with the figures at the close of the annual accounts last year, there is practically no difference to record. Stock was approximately £25,000 at the close of the 1927 account and at the close of the 1928 account. Sundry debtors we find at the close of this year's accounts amount to £78,000, as against approximately £72,000 in the previous period. Cash at bankers and in hand last year was £52,182, as against £55,935 in the accounts this year. On the debit side we find our sundry creditors and credit balances, including all provision for income-tax, amount to £47,005, as against £49,303 last year.

I think the results this year reflect the greatest possible credit on the managing director, Mr. G. J. Maddick, who has rendered such signal service to this company for nearly forty-odd years, and to our brilliant editor, Captain Bruce Ingram, and, indeed, to all the members of the staff. I think the results obtained are extremely flattering to all those responsible for this achievement.

There is one point I might mention, and it is this. We have sold—but the figures do not come into these accounts—some portion of our freehold property that we did not require for £30,000. This property stood in our books at £13,000 and this gives you a healthy indication of what is in the balance-sheet.

A TRIBUTE FROM AMERICA.

There is one further matter which I think I ought to mention to you, Mr. Maddick, and to the shareholders present. When I was in the States this year on a business trip I met many of those responsible in that great Continent of America for the production of magazines and illustrated newspapers similar to our own produced here. They were all of one opinion that the greatest scientific illustrated paper in the world was produced in London—*The Illustrated London News*. I think that great paper never stood higher from a scientific point of view in the eyes of those who read these publications than it does to-day. (Hear, hear.) I do not think there is any more that I can say, and I will therefore move that the directors' report and balance-sheet, which have been submitted, be adopted.

Mr. KUPERS seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors (Mr. William Harrison and Mr. Condie Sandeman) were re-elected, and the auditors (Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co., and Messrs. Layton, Bennett, Chiene and Tait) were reappointed.

The CHAIRMAN announced that the dividend warrants would be posted that night, and the proceedings terminated.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from page 32.)

would say, is the obvious cause of her death; but it is too obvious: actually, she was poisoned by hyoscine before she was shot. It also soon appears that the young man, though found in the house, was as a fact shot at the bungalow. In other words, double homicide at the bungalow. Now, apart from natural causes, which do not enter into the question here, there are three kinds of death—by accident, by murder, or by suicide. Sir Clinton Driffeld, Chief Constable, awakens unpleasant recollections of school-days by demonstrating to Inspector Flamborough that there are nine, and only nine, possible permutations and combinations of the three kinds of sudden death in these circumstances. It remains to eliminate the eight wrong ones—none of which is impossible—and this Mr. Connington does with great and convincing skill. His construction is faultless, except in one respect: it is a weakness, I suggest, that the criminal should have got the opportunity of setting so much mystifying machinery in motion by the mere chance (admittedly providential for him) of an overheard telephone conversation. And also, it was asinine of Sir Clinton to allow such a vigorous killer to play about with those chemicals—almost certainly dangerous in such hands—when he was on the point of being captured. Otherwise, Sir Clinton is a very satisfying kind of sleuth, because, unlike so many of his kind, he has a gift of masterly silence. It is not from what he says, but from what he does not say, while Flamborough is doing the talking, that you can pick up the clues if you are alert enough. I thought the culprit gave himself away by his over-

anxiety to shield others; but there was always the possibility that that might be, in Sir Clinton's phrase, Mr. Connington's "double bluff." The yarn is well and realistically written. I was particularly grateful for a detective-novel Frenchman who did not talk the intolerable jargon of most detective-novel Frenchmen.



THE SOLUTION OF THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE
IN OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 26.

Altogether, "The Case with the Nine Solutions" is an easy prize-winner in its class, and Mr. Connington again shows himself one of the most expert and careful living craftsmen in bloodshed.

Cockaigne. Miss Wish Wynne is as firm a pillar of Cockaigne as Phil May was a generation ago, and Sam Weller two generations ago. Her

collection of sketches, "Ere!"—some of the variety stage, some of distant lands like New Zealand, South Africa, and Japan, but chiefly of skivvydom—vary greatly in point and quality, and, curiously enough, are best in the serious vein. Amid so many broadly comic trifles, there is one piece, "Old Bones," which stands out with a startling effect of pity and horror—an unexpected fragment of the Maxim Gorky genre. The verses are in the good old comic-song tradition—but, alas! they need Miss Wish Wynne's presence to give them their full effect of drollery.

"Kelly's Handbook of the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" is one of the most useful and compact of all books of reference. It is in its fifty-fifth year, as the edition for 1929, priced at 30s. as usual, is now on sale. "Kelly's" is invaluable, as it is not a bulky book by any means, and yet it contains in one general alphabetical list details of the 30,000 people who come within the scope of its title. This list is printed with the greatest clearness; and complete details of every person mentioned, together with their address, and in many cases their telephone number, are supplied. In addition to this general list, Kelly supplies lists of the Members of the Royal Family, of the House of Lords and the House of Commons; and of the Ministry, High Commissioners, and Agents-General and Foreign Ministers and Consuls in London, and British Ministers abroad. Altogether the book ranks as one of the works of reference which should be purchased every year, as each new edition is subjected to the most thorough revision and correction, and well deserves the high reputation which it enjoys.

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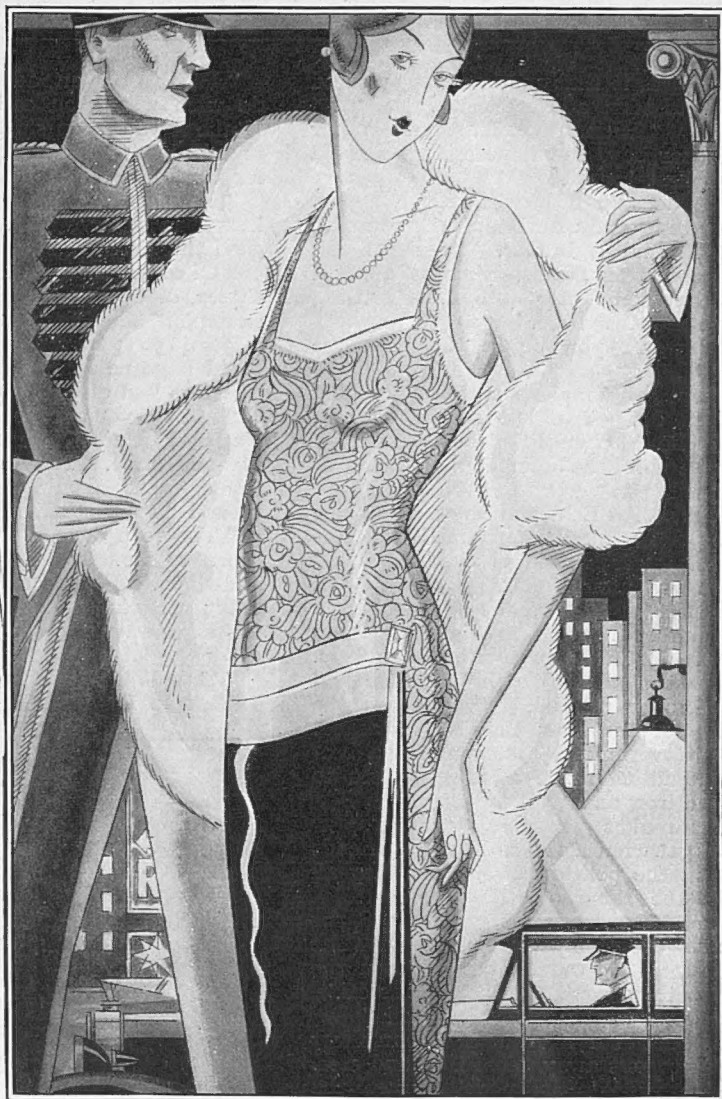
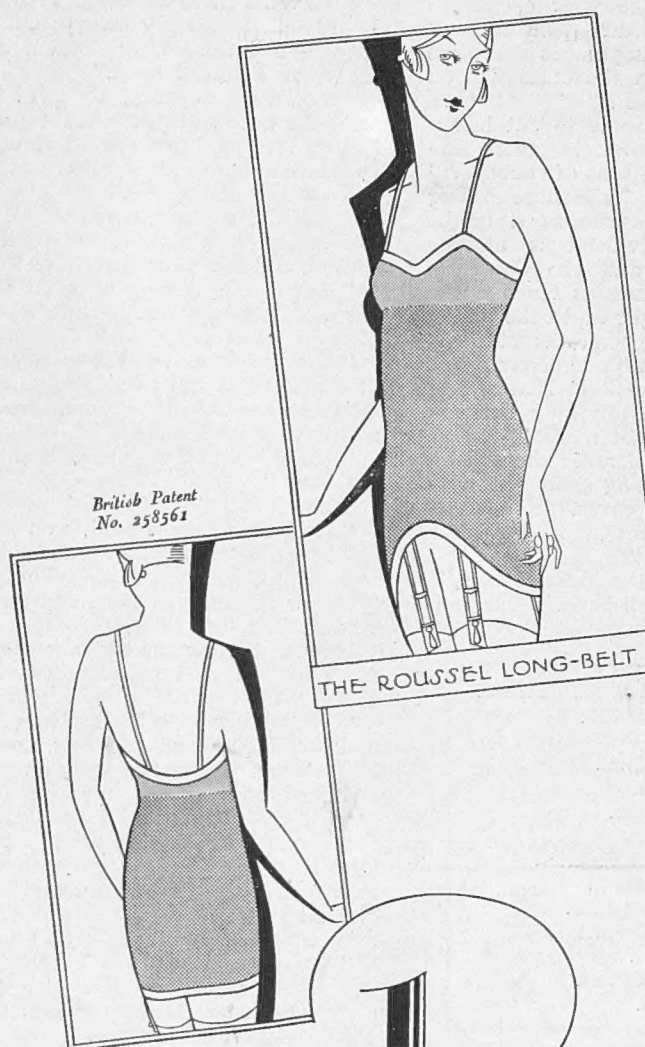


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City Notes. Our Stroller in Throgmorton Street.

"HOW is it that one is always pleased to start a New Year?"

"Human nature craves for change, dear boy, and hope springs eternal in the bulleest breast."

"So it does in a bear's. Or a stag's. You leave my main question unanswered."

"Well," said a broker, "if the Stock Exchange has as good a year as 1928, I reckon that some of you will be retiring in twelve months' time."

"Why won't you be in the gladsome throng?"

"Brokers can't make fortunes as quickly as jobbers do. You know that, or you wouldn't have changed your spots."

"Can a broker become a jobber, or vice versa?"

"Yes, Sir. An Ethiopian may not change his skin, but a member of the Stock Exchange can alter his status as he pleases."

"Then why aren't you all jobbers?"

"Because, my dear, there must be a certain number of brokers to bring business to their more fortunate brethren, the jobbers. Otherwise, the jobbers couldn't retire, see?"

Our Stroller nodded. "What are the prospects for the New Year?" he asked.

"The Government," interpolated a broker, "intend to make a strong effort to revive the iron and steel industry."

"What makes you think that?"

"I've gathered a few hints from friends of mine in the political swim, and they all point in the same direction."

"Vickers' dividend last year was 8 per cent., and the Company earned 14. The shares pay a bit over 4 per cent. on the money, so they won't eat their heads off."

"Think we ought to have them?"

"I do, decidedly. And if a man's got the pluck to put away these iron and steel things, he will do jolly well before the New Year's out."

"You can't get away from the fact that the best things are the best. So I plump for Guest Keens and William Corys."

"Guest Keens? What do they give you?"

"They've paid 10 per cent., tax free, for the last seven or eight years, so at thirty-eight bob the yield is about five guineas per cent., tax free."

"That's equivalent to—to—?"

"About 6½ per cent. gross."

"Can't call that thrilling."

"Now begin to cavil about it. I maintain it's a good return, in view of the chance there is of a strong revival in the industry."

"Don't bicker, you boys. Let's all go and lay in iron and steel."

"Sounds a chilly bed to me," remarked Our Stroller. "I'd prefer blankets."

"You should never jest, in business or in grammar," his broker reproved him.

"Here are we, trying to guide your faltering footsteps into—er—"

"Favourable financial fields," prompted another.

"Thanks. And all the thanks we get is a frivolous—frivolous—flippancy, unworthy of a genuine investor."

"Genuine investor! Is there such a thing left in the land?"

"Thousands of them. D'you think that everyone's a stale stag of the dirt-track persuasion?"

"I think that hundreds of people have been speculating who very seldom touched a Stock Exchange share before."

"What do you advise your clients to do with what you call dirt-track-shares? I take it you mean shilling shares that were attached to others when the craze was on for both classes together?"

"You can't advise people to cut heavy losses in every case. Surely there are good things amongst the tons of rubbish?"

"Of course there are. Take those shilling shares of Madame Tussauds as a bright example. The first dividend is at the rate of 50 per cent., and the Company could have paid four times as much if the directors had divided right up to the hilt."

"I'll tell you another good one, and that's National United Laundries deferred at two-and-three. They're florin shares, and the dividend should be anything between 15 and 20 per cent., if not more."

"The 10 per cent. preference shares look cheap to me. Five-shilling shares at five-and-three. Plenty of cover. You can't hurt; they're good enough to have for putting away purposes."

"Then let's go and lay in Laundries."

"Sounds like a Turkish bath. *Pour moi*, I stick to Foreign Government Bonds."

SHARES SUGGESTED BY THESE SURROUNDINGS.

Iron and Steel.

Vickers.

Guest Keen.

Tussauds.

National United Laundries.

Brazilian Bonds.

German City Loans.

Rhodesian Copper.

Courage.

International Tea.

Eagles.

"Sorry I can't answer in your native Italian. But you're right so far as Brazilians are concerned. The bonds are cheap, and likely to go points higher."

"How about the Coffee Consortium, or whatever you call it?"

"It's coming right by degrees. And surely Brazilians must have more scope for improvement than, say, some of the German City bonds."

"Why pitch on them?"

"You can get 7 per cent. on deposit money in Germany, so why buy Municipal bonds to pay you less?"

"Seven per cent. on deposit! You sure?"

"That's so. It's money for jam to a customer who pays 6 or 6½, and gets a minimum of 7 per cent."

"It doesn't damage the intrinsic worth of the security."

"No, but it shows the difference there is in the value of credit in this country and in others."

"The Americans are pouring their dollars into our markets."

"Through buying shares over here, you mean? The shares themselves are usually in companies outside Great Britain. Rhodesian Copper, and all that."

"Americans got choked off the shares in British electrical concerns, Marconis and a few others, where the control has to remain over here."

Our Stroller congratulated his broker upon the B'wana and Rhodesia Selection Trust tips.

"Haven't those Selection Trusts jumped, by Jove! I sold my own just a week too soon"—and the jobber shuddered. "Cost me three hundred quid."

"You took a profit, though?"

"Yes, but think of what I might have had! I could have retired if only I had bought enough of those shares at the start, and got out at the top."

"Jobbing backwards, as usual. What's the use? Be thankful to think you did so well, and hope for better luck next time."

"You think there's as good fish in the sea of Nineteen Twenty-Nine as came out of it in Twenty-Eight?"

"Sure thing, as the Yanks say. I admit, of course, that the trouble is to find them. You lose the bait more often than you land a twelve-pound-tenner."

"Keep your eyes open, and never go too deep."

"To sleep?"

"No; too deep, I said, you chump."

"I can give you an infallible tip for making money," said an elderly broker. "Follow it, and you'll be right every individual time."

He paused, but as nobody made a bid for the bunny, he proceeded to deliver the stock.

"Whenever I sell anything, you go and buy it; and when I buy, go and sell." He reached up to the waiter's stand, and switched on his own number. "Call me, please," said he to the attendant.

"I call you disappointing," rejoined a jobber. "We thought you had some valuable specific, or system, for making money, and all you give us is the same experience as our own. Dead Sea fruit!"

"There ain't going to be any encore to it, either," said another. "I've bought myself Courage Brewery shares for a New Year's flutter."

"Not a bad choice either—especially for such a well-known Prohibitionist. Come and support your market."

They linked arms, and left the House together. Yet nobody cried, "There they go."

"I'm sticking to my International Tea," said one of those who were left. "Good investment, and room for a rise in the price."

"Isn't everything too high?"

"Much. And is going too higher still. You can't keep Monds down, for instance."

"Don't want to, seeing that I've got some, and mean to see it out."

"And oil shares are at the beginning of their rise."

"Are Canadian Eagles any good?" asked Our Stroller. "I hold a few, and the price puzzles me; it's always well below that for Mexican Eagles. Why should that be?"

"Because Mexican Eagles are better known. A man gets a tip in Eagles, tells his broker to buy the shares, and the broker buys Mexican Eagles, as a matter of course, unless Canadians are specially mentioned."

"Why shouldn't he?" inquired a broker. "It's the proper thing for him to do."

"Perfectly right. But the client doesn't know any better, and, being a stranger to the market, he gets—"

Our Stroller deemed it discreet not to wait and hear what a stranger got, in case it might prove personally unpleasant.

Friday, Jan. 4, 1929.